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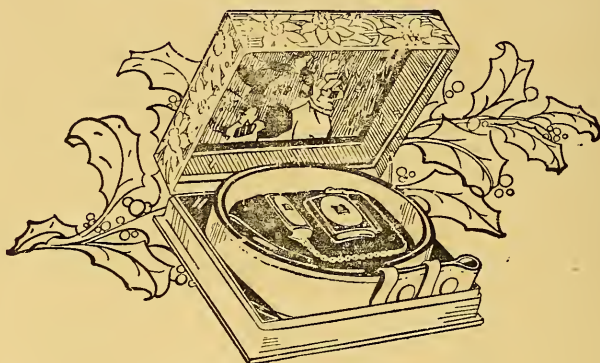
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The Arguenot

VOL. 9

NOVEMBER, 1928

NO. 1

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Back to School

IT hardly seems possible, now, that we ever had a summer vacation with nothing to do but loll around and shirk all work, except when we wanted to earn a few pennies. Those wonderful, warm, sunny days are now only a memory, hidden in the back of our minds. They are past and gone, but let us hope we may see them again some day and enjoy them again as we always do.

All students, including ourselves, have returned to a regular routine and the dull monotony of cold, drear mornings and work, work, work. But this work is good for us. Some day we will be glad that we did it.

After all, high school isn't such a terrible place as it often appears. We have a good time in spite of those awful exams, those horrid scoldings and that

undeserved chastisement. When high school days are over, and not until then, we will realize we have spent four of the most enjoyable years of our lives—years never to be lived over again.

Primarily, we come to school "to learn to read, to write and to do arithmetic." But we come to school for another reason, too, which is nearly as important as the first. It is to be with young people, with people of our own age and to enter into active life with them. In high school we are one great body, one large family where equality rules and where the spotlight is playing on no one member. Not one has yet made a success of himself—not one is a dire failure. We are brothers and sisters in work and play.

THE EDITOR.

The Arguenot

IT seems fitting and proper that some mention of the policy and history of our school paper be made on the publication of the first issue of the magazine for 1928-29.

In 1920, Norwood's first school paper appeared. It was merely a publication

in sheet form, containing the contributions of those few members of the school who possessed literary inclinations. By 1921 interest had risen to such an extent that it was possible to publish what might be called a school magazine. Each year the magazine has grown in size and increased

in circulation until last year a magazine of about fifty pages was published quarterly.

Almost every school, no matter how large or how small, has some sort of student publication, but very few have magazines, we think, that are better than our "Arguénot." We do not intend to make our magazine strictly literary, if any school magazine may be called

that, but we strive to make it a school publication which is representative of all types of students. We aim, through our magazine, to arouse the interest of the school in writing, to give our students an interesting publication; and, lastly, in any possible way to encourage those students who possess special ability, to utilize it for the good of the school.

ROBERT G. METTERS, '30.

Conscience and the Jungle

AS the heavy, black, African night settled over the land, the jungle, partly freed from the terrific heat of days, burst forth into discordant clamor.

To Kardinac, it meant another night of terror and fear. When first he had fled from justice and his fellow-men, it had seemed a welcome retreat. But how he had grown to hate it! For two years, that seemed as many centuries, he had been there, alone, with never a human companion, and every night had been the same. Some night, he knew, the jungle would take him. It seemed to press upon his brain and hold him down. The jungle seemed to serve as a constant reminder of the man he had murdered. It was sullen and brooding and treacherous—death lurked in every shadow. He started fearfully as the long, fiendish laugh of a hyena quavered above the clamor. To him, it signified the spirit of the jungle, laughing at him, mocking him, but unseen.

Even now as he watched from the opening of his hut, he could see the eyes of the jungle appear—eyes that had watched him night after night—green, sullen, glaring eyes, always in the shadows. It was the way of the jungle—always shadows and lurking death.

As the night wore on, the eyes drew

closer, the clamor increased, took on a hysterical note. How he hated it! The noise dinned upon his nerves, hammered and pounded his tortured brain. The jungle was closing in on him; the heat was tearing at his brain; it gripped his heart. Out of the darkness came a shadowy form with accusing hand outstretched. The man he had murdered! With a wild scream, he turned and fled into the jungle. Two pin-point eyes glittered in the shadow; a long brown head flashed at him as he passed.

A mocking, gloating laugh echoed away off over the hills.

The next night, a canoe carrying two men and Kardinac's dead body floated gently down the river.

"Well, Bill," said one of the men, "it was a long, hard chase, but we got him. He certainly picked a good place to hide in. He must have lived like a king until he grew careless, and that cobra got him. All his food in his backyard, nothing to worry about, and no work—nothing to do but sit around and admire the scenery."

As the canoe drifted around a bend of the moonlit river, the voices died away. After it, floated a long, fiendish laugh,—the mockery of the jungle.

JAMES DAVENPORT, '30.

Armistice

IT is fitting that the great war should be commemorated by a day popularly and widely known as Armistice Day. Chance has singled out for a permanent celebration the day on which the peace treaty was signed. That peace became more lasting through extended treaties. Nevertheless, so far as the meaning of this word peace is understood today, the great struggle is but silenced for a breathing spell.

In 1776 our fathers had a vision of a new nation "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Without an army, they fought the greatest of world empires that they might realize this vision. Three-quarters of a century later they fought through an unparalleled Civil War that they might establish the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The fond hopes of the first peacemaker have long since gone glimmering. The notion that man, the fighting animal, could suddenly agree to cease to fight for the rest of time, could not endure the test of reality.

The League of Nations has become increasingly useful. To see France and Germany side by side in an organization whose avowed purpose is to substitute open and peaceful measures for war is

a marvelous development. Yet out of the great war which brought about this result, new animosities have grown. Some of the nations created by that war, are at odds with one another and with some of the nations to whose efforts they owe their creation. One of the latest volumes on the subject bears the title "Man is War."

Perhaps cynicism is far nearer the truth than the absurd thoughts of the people at the end of the war. There is no basis for confidence in the permanence of the present era of peace.

It is folly to predict that the last war has been fought. It is equal folly to sit back and accept war as the permanent state of man. The many processes making for understanding among nations are unfortunately very slow and difficult. Nothing is more tedious than the development of justice through courts of law, yet here is the most valuable foundation for increased security against war. The World Court offers the best hope of progress.

President Wilson said in the first hour of victory, "To conquer with arms is to make only a temporary conquest; to conquer the world by earning its esteem is to make a permanent conquest."

JULIUS SHERMAN, '30.

At Midnight

If you should wander out at midnight
 When the stars are shining bright,
 You would see a pretty fairy
 Clad in radiant, shining white,
 Dancing, dancing, never ceasing
 'Till the coming of daylight;
 Dancing, dancing never pausing,
 'Till she vanishes from sight.

Every day you'll find me searching
 For my fairy of the night;
 Every day you'll find me calling,
 For my fairy clad in white;
 But she heeds not all my calling,
 'Till the stars are shining bright;
 And she heeds not all my searching,
 'Till the coming of midnight.

BERTHA CUSHING, '29.

One's Enough—Two's Too Many

AS he read the second letter, it dawned on Frank Jones, with a feeling next to panic, that both girls had accepted him.

"Wow, what a catastrophe!" he groaned, as he sank into a chair, a pink letter in either hand. For one wild, desperate moment, he contemplated the gas jet in the shabby boarding house room and wondered if asphyxiation was painless. Then he turned his attention to the letters again. He rather favored Eileen's.

"Dearest Frank," she wrote, "Your wonderful letter has thrilled me, and I answer the question you ask with the little word 'yes.' Am looking forward, dear boy, to seeing you this evening."

Frank let the paper drop limply in his hand. What a fool he had been to think he could love any other girl as he loved Eileen. What happiness would be in store for him this evening if he had not written that other letter to Jane. His gaze shifted to the other letter.

"You dear, dear boy, of course there can be only one answer to your question. If you have any doubt as to what the answer is, it will be settled when you call this evening."

Frank wavered. Eileen was all right, but she could not compare with vivacious Jane. He groaned in anguish. Engaged to two girls! What could he do? He couldn't marry both; what a crazy thing he had done. He tried to recall what had prompted him to send the two letters of proposal.

Loving both girls and being unable to make up his mind, he had put it up to them to make the decision. How was he to know both would accept?

He wildly considered the possibility of

going first to Eileen's house, spending a short time with her and then rushing to Jane's house at the end of the block and spending a short time with her. His head whirled as he considered this prospect. A ridiculous procedure, it would lead to bigamy at least.

Suddenly he had an inspiration. He would go to Clare, kindly, sympathetic Clare, and tell her the whole story; she would surely understand. Clare had always understood him.

He promptly stuffed the two letters in his pocket and started for her home. Half-way down the street he stopped in his tracks. He remembered that Clare lived mid-way in the same block with Eileen and Jane. If he entered from either end, he would surely be seen by one or the other.

Telephone, of course! Why in the dickens hadn't he thought of it before! He rushed to the corner drug store and called her number—there had been a time when he called her up two or three times a day. Then over the wire he heard Clare's calm voice.

"Your voice sounds mighty good to me, Frank, I haven't heard it very much lately." Frank was inwardly ashamed.

"Say, Clare," he continued. "I'm in a mess and I want you to help me." He felt cheap and mean, but he knew she would understand.

"I'll be glad to help if I can," she assured him.

"Will you have supper with me at Swift Inn? Can you come down right away?"

"All rightie, I'll be down in a jiffy," she replied.

Frank sighed in relief. That was just like Clare. No questions asked. Just

the calm announcement that she was coming.

Just how Clare could help him he did not know, but he felt confident that she would.

He hurried over to the inn and waited in the lobby. He did not have to wait long, for Clare was not the kind of girl who kept a fellow waiting. The sight of her sent a thrill through him. What a fool he had been to neglect her. The realization came to him as she advanced. She completely outclassed Eileen and Jane. Her beauty was of a different type. She was in a class by herself.

Clare greeted him gaily and there was a tender light in her eyes.

He escorted her to the dining room and there, in a quiet corner under shaded lamps, he told her the miserable story.

"And, I know now," he added, "that I don't love either one. I've been a fool Clare," his voice became earnest, "you're the only girl in the world for me. You —."

"My heavens, Frank, you are not going to propose to me, also, are you?"

"No, not now," said Frank soberly, "but when I get out of this horrid mess."

"Is that a threat or a promise?" asked Clare mischievously.

"Oh, I mean it, Clare, I know I'm worthless, and not fit to associate with

you. I've loved you right along, but somehow I didn't realize it. Do you—can you? In his excitement he almost upset a glass of water.

Clare glanced at Frank's face. "Frank, I'm going to tell you something I really shouldn't. Eileen and Jane were at my house this afternoon and showed me their letters. Naturally they were indignant and decided to teach you a lesson. They both agreed to go to the movies so as to be out when you called. They had no desire to carry the thing farther, so they said. It is possible, however, that one of them may have been in earnest and that she does love you, so in fairness, I want you to telephone to each of them and find out if they are waiting for you. Unless you do that, I think I'll go."

Frank regretfully rose from the table and went in the direction of the telephone booth. Five minutes later he returned; his face was beaming.

"Both have gone out to the movies. They left me flat." He made no effort to conceal his joy.

"What are you going to do now?" inquired Clare.

"Make another proposal," replied Frank promptly. "A real one this time and I'm hoping with all my heart that there will be a real acceptance."

EMILY M. GROH, '29.

There is Music in the Sea

The lobster plays the saxophone,
The crab the big bass drum,
A goosefish makes the cornet moan,
The clam the tune does hum.

The codfish makes the ocean ring
With a solo on the flute;
The whale feels he is quite a king,
He plays the traps so cute.

BETTY EVERETT, '30.

A Moment for Thought

THE many things we enjoy in this, the year of nineteen twenty-eight, are not fully appreciated.

It is less than forty years since electricity was first made commercially possible. Forty years is not a long time, and yet through the tireless efforts of our scientists, to-day this great invention gives us so many comforts that we do not realize what a factor it is in our everyday lives.

To-day we enjoy the news almost the instant the event happens. Even pictures of happenings in far away places are given us in a few seconds. The starting of an automobile, the operation of our trains, trolleys and busses, and in fact, almost every detail of our transportation system is dependent on electricity.

Just think of the difference in time alone, between sending a letter by stage coach and talking across the continent with the modern telephone.

Radio is just a new way of using electricity, but what benefits it gives us all, regardless of where we live!

Every day we see many uses of the various resources given us by nature, such as iron, copper, tin and wood. Without a second thought, one can realize what our lives would be were not all of these gifts put to use by man.

The aeroplane is not yet of much value to the individual, but with more experience and continued study, the day is not far distant when it will be the means of still further convenience to us in our every-day life.

Therefore, it is well, in our hurried lives, to stop occasionally and think what we owe to the men of science who have given us the results of their labors. How different life would be without them and their efforts!

MARCUS HALLENBECK, '30.

The Runt

THE office was bustling with confusion as all newspaper offices are; typewriters clicking, telephones ringing, and telegraph buzzing.

Even Joe, the office boy, more often referred to as "The Runt," who usually was motionless, was now quite busy.

"Big Noise Jim," the editor, was sitting at his desk, when, suddenly, a signal on the wire arrested his attention. All his nerves were on edge; he jumped up and frantically barked: "Williams—Williams—Will—iams, hey you snub-nosed runt, where is Williams?"

"Sorry, Boss, but Williams went out an hour ago on the Henry murder case."

"Well, I'll be — where's Johnson?"

"He hasn't come back from the train wreck report yet."

"Well, this is a swell pickle. My two best reporters out on cases, and those other thick heads would have a brain-storm if I sent them on this. What'll I do, what'll I do? He's only here for two hours, and I've got to work fast, the best news of the day and no reporter. What w——"

"Say, Boss, maybe I could take the case."

"You,—ha-ha-ha, why you freckled face runt, he'd never even look at you.

How'd you ever be able to interview him? Go back to your desk."

"Whom do you mean to interview, Boss?"

"I mean that new Polar Expedition Flier, Smitherson, who just landed at the airport for a two hours' stop. He refuses to give an interview to a reporter, but if Williams or Johnson were here, they'd get it. 'The Standard' will never get the first account of this story. Oh, what's the use of talking to you,—go on, take the afternoon off. You might as well—this paper's gone to the Bow Wows. Go on, beat it! I'm in no mood to have you snooping around,—go on beat it! Do you hear me? BEAT IT!"

"Yes, S-s-sir."

Joe quite reluctantly started to leave the office, but was seized with an inspiration and returned. He grabbed a pencil and pad, and rushed out.

"Big Noise Jim," paced the office, mumbling and swearing, partly to himself and partly to his employees, but mostly cursing the missing reporters. He continued in this frame of mind for three-quarters of an hour or more. Suddenly the door burst open, and Joe

stumbled in, panting and covered with perspiration.

Thrusting a pad into the boss' hand, he sank into a chair exhausted and cried: "Here it is, Boss, here it is. I had a tough time getting it, but I finally did."

"Wait-a-minute. Wait—a—minute. You got what?"

"Why (puff) an inter- (puff) view with (puff, puff) Smitherson."

"What? Where is it? How did y——? Where is it?"

"There th— there in my pad."

"Big Noise Jim" picked up the pad, scanned a few lines, his face beaming. He began hollering for writers and ordering the staff around and telling Joe in the meantime, to wait.

Coming back to the desk, he took Joe by the shoulders, exclaiming, "Well, you *little runt*, how'd you ever do it? You got his autograph—and all. I'm going to appoint you one of my head reporters, at twice your present salary, and I'm going to hire a new office boy. But, I never thought it was in a *little runt* like you."

"Well you see, Boss, you can't always judge a torpedo by its size."

CLARE A. RILEY, '29.

What War Will Do

THE sun smiles, in its friendly way, on the peaceful hamlet of Ruhlebem where, already, the country peasants are stirring. Frau Van Strasse and her young sons, Wilhelm and Heinrich, are busily packing the green vegetables, from their garden, into a large box for their kind neighbor to take to market with him. Wilhelm, the older of the two brothers, is sullen and unhappy, for tomorrow he will leave this happy little village, perhaps,

forever! He will never pack the fresh vegetables again with Heinrich, for he is to be an American!

Again the sun shines brightly on Wilhelm and his uncle, who are saying farewell to a group of warm-hearted friends, gathered at the coach. Tears of happiness and regret steal down the rosy cheeks of Frau Van Strasse as she carefully places in a basket a ham, some cheese, and other foods their generous

friends have given them. Young Wilhelm clutches a small teddy bear in his hand which he has as a last remembrance of his German home. The coachman cracks his whip and the horses quickly separate Wilhelm from the home he loves.

Feebly the sun tries to penetrate its rays through the smoke and powder below. Ten years have passed and Wilhelm's adopted country and his fatherland are at war. The sight of his devastated homeland tears at Wilhelm's heart as he flies over the wasted countryside, but, he must remember—he is an American! Ah, he sees an enemy plane advancing to attack him! It fires on him and bravely he tries to rise above it that he may return the attack. His plane is disabled and, with dread and horror in

his heart, he falls down—down—down! His enemy lands, where the plane has crashed to the ground, so that he may tear the emblem of the plane from it. This he would take home to his dear mother in Ruhlebem. He starts unbelievably, as he sees, in the front of the cock-pit a small, brown teddy bear. This Wilhelm had carried as a mascot through all the days of his service. The enemy is Heinrich and he holds the disfigured body of his beloved brother to his tortured heart. Without warning, the plane which holds Heinrich and his brother, shoots up in flames. Wilhelm's buddies have avenged his death and Frau Van Strasse shall never receive the emblems Heinrich had collected for her.

MARGARET EISENHauer, '29.

The Fate of the Juniors

Ten happy Juniors, all feeling fine—
One talked in Study Hall; then they were nine.
Nine laughing Juniors, sad to relate—
One did some prompting; then they were eight.
Eight smiling Juniors, looking like saints from heaven,
One tried to skip a class; then they were seven.
Seven dignified Juniors, looking sage and sane—
One forgot the homework, and six did remain.
Six giggling Juniors, glad to be alive—
One became impertinent; then they were five.

Five grinning Juniors, to play truant one day did try,
One of course got caught, but the other four "got by."
Four solemn faced Juniors, very sad to see—
One was late for school six times—then they were three.
Three learned Juniors, feeling mighty blue,
One ran through the corridors, then they were two.
Two forlorn Juniors, very depressed and glum—
One got a "U"—then it was one.
One lonely Junior, wishing for some fun,
Talked to a traffic officer—then there was none.

ELLEN DRUMMEY, '30.

Requiem

THE sun was dipping 'neath yonder mountain crests to the great beyond, setting the hills afire with the golden glow of an Italian sunset. Slender shafts of light lingered to frolic with the purpling shadows of oncoming dusk. A merry game it was, like a mock-battle, the soldiers of evening hurling themselves 'gainst the gay sunbeams of the dying day, now retreating far into the west as though to reinforce themselves for a fiercer onslaught.

Twilight enhanced the charm of the little village, Cremona, nestling among the hills, protecting itself from the outside world. The rustic peasant cottages lent an air of contentment, with their flower-trellised arbors of sweet clinging vines creeping upward on their crude, rough walls.

The waning light sifted through the profusion of blossoms, screening a tiny paned window, scattering fantastic silhouettes over the chips of wood that littered the floor. On the walls of this room were hung violins, exquisite in workmanship. There in the corner was a 'cello—yes, and here was a bass, all of the same golden auburn finish.

Four or five youths were grouped about an old man, their master Stradivari, intently watching his work. He, the master of all workmen, was a magician, within whose power lay the art of awakening music from the hearts of the forest's trees. His disciples, Carlo Bergonyi, Guiseppe Guarnerius and his own two sons, Francesco and Omoboni, had watched every detail of their master's work and now they beheld the last of his masterpieces lying on the bench before him.

With tremulous fingers he raised the

violin to his chin and lightly drew the bow across the strings. A clear liquid tone floated out on the twilight breeze, wafting gently toward the forest beyond, as if the soul of the tree, from which this wonder had been wrought, were answering the distant murmur of its kin. A *requiem*.

The master faltered, the bow crashed from his hand. Francesca caught the feeble figure ere it reached the floor. With loving arms he was borne from his workshop to his humble pallet in the adjoining room. The soul of the artist had drifted on wings of song from this mortal earth to his Maker.

Late in the evening Stradivari's pupils sat before the open fire in the workshop, each absorbed in his own thoughts. Guiseppe stirred uneasily. Finally he rose and started pacing across the floor, his brow knotted. He passed the table where the violin lay and noticed an odd shadow of design on the scroll. He picked it up and returned to the five. His companions stirred themselves from their reverie of thought. They all turned their attention to Guiseppe. Tenderly he handled the instrument, scrutinized it closely, then half mused to himself, "The purfling, two delicate lines bringing the arch to a gentle slope, the Gothic style—surely a great cathedral must have inspired our Stradivari to design this masterpiece."

Carlo soliloquized, "Aye, he took me to the mountains with him, and long we wandered, till finally we beheld the monarch of the forest lifting his lofty crest to touch the clouds that dipt like a misty halo sent from heaven to crown him king of all. Our master struck the trunk a resounding blow with his ham-

mer, then rested his silv'ry head on the bosom of the tree to 'hear the soul of Nature' as he said. The valleys echo'd with the ring of the woodman's axe—the patriarch of many seasons fell."

Francesca, lost in the memory of a scene not long past, murmured in scarcely audible tones. "See you not the crystal lights sparkling through the varnish? I tossed in sleepless fever on my bed; a candle gleam from the workshop stole out upon the blackness of the night. My disturbed thoughts impelled me to investigate the reason for the light. My beloved father, bent o'er his bench, absorbed in the finishing, failed to note my intrusion. The tears were fresh upon his withered cheek and half praying, half in soliloquy, these words stabbed my heart. 'Oh these tears that did fall into the varnish pot were not futile. They will sparkle like tiny crystals through the auburn finish, as though the heart from which this instrument was fashioned were sobbing its sad reminiscences in liquid, flowing notes. It is my last—my masterpiece—and brings its owner naught but sorrow. "Luctum domino non ferendum fert." My very soul is imprisoned within, it is the coffin for my soul. The inscription on the scroll will be my epitaph.'"

With bowed head and folded hands he left the shop for his pallet to rest his weary mind in the paradise of slumber.

The violin has been lost for years. Nearly a century has slipt by, since the master caressed the beloved instrument for the last time.

What occurred after the scene about the open fire? Did the memory inspire Guiseppe in his cold prison cell to produce instruments second only to his former teacher's? Of this we know nothing. No trace has been left in history's fleeting

pages. Could the violin have been sent to court or was it locked away amidst jewels in some wealthy peer's castle chamber? Did it rest in a poor peasant's cottage, beloved and known to all the village?

An aura of mystery shrouded the story, until we find a General, listening enrapt to a light fantasia his daughter has been playing on a most remarkable auburn-hued instrument. Yes, there were the master's tears glistening like the tiny stars above in the velvety blackness of the evening sky, and the curious inscription, "Luctum domino non ferendum fert" remains on the scroll.

Tall tapers on either side of the arched balcony doorway shed a cheerful rosy light on the dark, polished furniture of exquisite inlay. Heavy rose silk draperies obscured the grating of the windows from one's sight, and dignified ancestors, in their gold frames, almost appeared happy at beholding the scene of beauty before them.

The luxury of the room, for it was in an ancient palace in Venice, and the white haired General would pass unnoticed, only a setting for the delicately beautiful girl who stood between the tapers that graced the balcony doorway. She was small in build and of sylph-like slenderness that was accentuated by the long flowing chiffon gown of azure blue, caught at the shoulder by pink rosebuds. A tiny cross on a golden chain was her only ornament of nun-like simplicity. A coronet of golden braids encircled her head. There was a ghastly pale look about her—one of fragility other than delicacy.

The velvet sky, beyond the open door, lay like a curtain background. The lapping of the water and the evening stillness, now shattered by the distant

song of a Venetian gondolier, enhanced the enchantment of the room.

"Laurella, will you play the 'Requiem' now? It has been a long time since I have heard it." The General smiled at his beloved child as she raised the violin to her chin. Her bow, that magic wand which awakens song from slumber, strayed across the strings, then blended into the theme, at first a light rush of notes gradually deepening into a crescendo, now retarding—then the song of the nightingale trilling the requiem to dying day—a pause, the instrument and bow slip from the dainty fingers, a piercing cry escaped Laurella's white lips as she crumpled to the floor.

Her father was at her side in an instant. Yes, her pulse was quiet. Her frail heart had ceased its throbbing. The General kissed the cross that rested on her white throat.

Again we lose the violin until a stormy night in the German Black Forest. It was an impenetrable darkness that settled over the land and a deep rumbling was audible from overhead. The wind began its battle with the trees, lashing them. Now one fell with a resounding crash, the lightning flashed, thunder rumbled

like a distant battle, slowly, slowly approaching the heart of the forest.

Here in the deep wood stood a cabin of crude but sturdy build, one that could withstand the buffeting of the wind and fierce downpour of a storm. Inside was a large, rough room with a roaring fire on the ample grate. The flames leaped up the chimney as though attempting to escape from their close confines.

Music penetrated the clash of the mad elements. A wild extemporaneous symphony rising higher, soaring to a climax; a nearby tree crashed like a cymbal; the storm receded slightly, the music stole into a requiem. For a few minutes the bent, gray man standing before the hearth relaxed into the harmony of the quietude. The color of the auburn violin lost its fiery luster. Then the wind rose, the fire again beat itself against its stone prison walls, a burning light leaped into the musician's eyes. The symphony rose to a crescendo—a swell; the instruments of Nature joined; the wind like a flute trilled the wavering treble note; the thunder deepened into a bass chord—a flash of lightning and the cabin burst into flames. Thus perished the last of the Stradivari, the master's descendant with his famous violin.

BARBARA FARRELLY, '30.

My Poem

I wrote a little poem;
It wasn't very good;
It didn't have the metre
Exactly as it should.

I put a title at the top,
A period at the end;
Then straight up to the teacher's desk
The poem I did send.

She threw my "masterpiece" away—
But then she changed her mind;
She glanced down to the poem's end,
And the "poet's" name did find.

And now I'm staying after school
To write another one;
I surely won't be sorry when
My poem days are done.

JOHN PAYNE, '31.

Pests

PESTS are encountered everywhere. They are the bane of one's existence. Pests are to be found in church, school, theatre, and a thousand other places.

One class of pests, especially aggravating to fathers, is the type that accompanies sister home from the dance. Regardless of the time of night (or morning) he is invited in. Before leaving, after having made as much noise as possible, he insists on singing "Ramona," while poor father, the pillow wrapped about his ears, tries to snatch a little sleep. This type and the cat on the back fence are in a class by themselves.

Then, there is the radio bug who talks about nothing else but audio-frequency,

variable condensers, gridleaks, the advantages of one dial control, etc., until he is black in the face and you are dizzy. The only way to rid yourself of this type of pest is to ask him to come over and fix your radio for you. He will vanish immediately on some important errand heretofore forgotten.

Another common pest is the relative who drops in on her way to the theatre, to leave you a four-year-old for you to play tiddle-de-winks with until she returns.

Pests and broken arms are like two dark clouds on a sunny day. I wonder when some genius will get busy and invent a pest eliminator.

EDWARD GALLUP, '29.

Night

The sun sets,
 Red—
 Yellow—
 Flaming—
 It's gone and then there comes
 A shadow
 Across my window pane.
 Peace—
 Quiet—
 Reverie—
 Make up my wonderful hour

Of twilight.
 Thicker, the shadows creep,
 And the last blue bird is gone
 Away to its tiny nest.
 Night—
 Darkness—
 Mystery—
 Fear—
 An owl hoots—
 Night is here.

DORIS C. DEXTER, '29.

Down by the Lonesome Sea

Night was whispering—stars were dim—
 When the voice of the wind spoke to me;
 The moon was full, the tide was high,
 Down by the lonesome sea
 Her voice was low and smooth and soft;
 She spoke to me so gently:
 Then she soothed my troubled soul,
 Down by the lonesome sea.

She spoke to the tune of the sighing waves,
 The waves that crept up to me;
 She spoke and lulled me to a rest,
 Down by the lonesome sea.
 I slept, and when I woke, the wind
 Had gone, but left with me
 A peace that none but God could give—
 Down by the lonesome sea.

JANE HARTWELL, '30.

A Romance of the Sea

THE sun was just setting, shedding a soft glow over the light-house, when Antoinette ran up the winding stairs to the top of the tower, and after polishing the light to make sure it was perfect, lighted it and watched it send its friendly gleam out over the water. Far out on the horizon she could detect a sailing vessel, rigged out with beautiful white sails.

As she stood there watching the white caps, she suddenly beheld a dark cloud rising in the southwest. She, at once, hurried down to tell her father, who quickly went on his rounds to make sure all was well in the buildings. When he returned to the house, the cloud had spread, and now half the sky was overcast with angry clouds.

This brown-eyed, vivacious girl had lived with her father at the lighthouse for nearly ten years. She was now eighteen. She had a soft delicate complexion and dark hair. Her father was a sturdy, well-built man, tall and broad shouldered. He had come to Highland Light to forget his sorrow in helping others. Antoinette's beautiful and gentle mother had left them, not alone, for they had each other, but with an infinite sense of loneliness. At the same time he lost her, he also lost his son. It was rumored that his brother had taken the boy away to sea. Antoinette came to love the wild sea life, and in her joy her father had become glad.

When they came to the island some friends had given them two lovely silver foxes. They were Antoinette's pride and joy, but they had caused her some anxious moments, too.

Now it was summer and in the fox pen there was a new family. Six baby foxes just two days old were what Antoinette's

father had thought of when he realized a storm was approaching.

In the house, Antoinette was busy preparing supper while on the rug by the fireplace lay Belshazzar, her beautiful Angora cat. Her thoughts strayed back to a time when she and her mother and father had been at sea during a storm. They had been on a pleasure trip about twenty miles off the coast. A sudden storm came up drenching everyone, and her mother had taken the cold from which she never recovered.

On hearing a terrible clap of thunder, Antoinette hurried off to see if the light was still all right. Eagerly she scanned the sea for miles, but could see no sign of a ship.

One thing, however, caused Antoinette's concern to grow keen. Belshazzar had left his place by the fire and had set up an intermittent yowling at the door. This was a pet trick of his before a very fierce storm.

As they sat down to supper, the storm broke in all its fury. It raged around the lighthouse, but Antoinette felt safe. Had she not lived there through the storms and fog of ten years?

Supper over she and her father stationed themselves at the light. Nearly an hour had elapsed before there appeared on the horizon a sailing vessel—the very one she had seen that afternoon!

The storm was now raging relentlessly, making it very hard for them to follow the ship's course. The giant waves were dashing over the rocks at the foot of the light. Then they saw the ship give out a signal of distress.

With one last searching glance at the lights, they hurried downstairs. But

alas! when about half way down, the father turned his ankle and fell.

There was no alternative. Antoinette must go to the aid of the ship. Quickly she dressed and hurried out. Midway between the ship and the light she saw the "Dauntless" life-boat plowing through the heavy sea. She considered the possibility of getting out to them, then she decided that it would be better to be there to show them where to land. So she scrambled down over the slippery rocks to the wharf which she and her father had made. Then she called to the men. She was not sure they could hear above the noise of the sea, but it was evident they could, for they rowed weakly toward her.

When they came near enough she helped them land their boat and beach it; then she hustled them into the warm kitchen.

Having warmed and fed the half frozen men she could now minister to her father. As luck would have it, he was quite badly hurt, although he would not tell his daughter so. But he did tell her how proud he was of her night's work which he declared needed a man's strength.

Soon, however, she persuaded him to go to bed, and she spent a wakeful night stationed behind the light.

Toward dawn the storm lulled, and Antoinette, exhausted after the night's strain, was lapsing into intermittent naps, when she heard something other than the customary sounds. She immediately shifted her small searchlight around the base of the lighthouse, and noticed that the door of the fox pen was open.

Quietly she descended the stairs and hurried out into the night. When she reached the fox pen, such a sight as met her eyes! The best of the lot were gone,

and the babies were left orphans! She covered them up as best she could and carefully fastening the door to keep out the cold and dampness, she rushed back to her searchlight, throwing its rays out over the water in the vicinity of the light. A white speck was disappearing in the distance. Then she realized it was the "Dauntless" life-boat.

She pondered for some time as to why the men should thus repay her for food and a night's lodging. As she thought, she remembered the gleam in the older man's eyes when she told him about the foxes. She felt confident if they tried to sell the foxes in Pentonville some one would recognize them. There was nothing she could do now, until the storm abated sufficiently for her to go to the Pentonville police.

Meantime, the life-boat was quickly making its way around the point. In it were two men. The younger man was tall and dark and he had a cloth tied securely over his features, hiding all but his deep brown eyes. In spite of his desperate appearance, he carried himself as one born in a good family. His companion was older, and had black hair, tinged with grey, and steel blue eyes that pierced the very soul of anyone who looked into them.

Suddenly the younger man spoke up sharply. Around the point in the opposite direction came a cutter. A police boat! The older man barked out an order, "Lie low and let it drift; they'll think it's empty."

But the police being on the lookout for smugglers and such night prowlers, plowed determinedly toward the boat. The first thing the two men knew, they were confronted by revolvers and sternly ordered to "climb aboard." So they climbed aboard and were securely tied.

When they arrived at the station house, it was found that the older man was the brother of Antoinette's father, and the younger was Antoinette's own brother.

No one had heard from them for ten years when the rumor was abroad that the uncle wanted ransom for Pierre.

Having made the discovery that he was in his brother's home, he contrived a means by which he might get away before his brother realized the situation. Discovering the finely-bred foxes, he and

Pierre robbed the pens and bagged the foxes, and escaped in the life-boat.

When they were brought back by the police and all was made known, Antoinette's father forgave them, exacting only one promise; namely, that they should live with him until such a time as they should come to love him. This "sentence" was speedily worked off.

Antoinette reflected that her ten years at the lighthouse had not exhausted all the romance of the sea.

FRANCES CASEY, '30.

A Dark Cloud's Silver Lining

IT was on a sultry afternoon that "Rastus" stumbled slowly down to the harbor of La Salle Isle, under a hot Georgian sun. As he walked he mumbled to himself, "Ah knew it! Ah knew it! On top o' seein' that moon ovah ma lef' shoulder to cut myself on th' thirteenth o' the month, I knowed it was a' comin'."

His moanings were not without reason, for just eight days before, his master's father had died, leaving nothing to the son, Colonel Williams. In fact he was in debt and a mortgage was on the house. This mortgage had, in reality, been paid; but the creditor, taking advantage of the fact that he had no receipt was forcing him to vacate immediately.

Rastus was now on his way to gossip with a friend of his who was a sailor on the same ship that Rickshaw, his master's creditor had come on. When he reached the dock he poured his tale of woe into the sympathetic ears of his sailor friend, "Ching."

"Ah don' know what ah'll do," he confided. "Ah guess M'randy 'n me'll have to call our weddin' off," and his eyes

watered as he thought of the plump, chocolate colored girl of his dreams. Ah yes, 'twas a double disaster for "Rastus."

"Welly, I sposey you soon keepy the milly night vligil, huh?" said "Ching" changing the subject.

He spoke of the midnight vigil held annually on the thirty-first of October by the negroes, when they sat all night by the graves of their deceased relatives.

That evening when "Rastus" went home he had some grayish powder, the gift of "Ching" which the Chinaman said would keep him awake during the midnight vigil, for to fall asleep was the greatest crime a negro could commit. Thus it would enable him to guard their souls from the evil spirits which roamed the earth that night and keep him and his relatives from everlasting Hades.

"Rastus" was delighted and on the eventful thirty-first he dissolved the powder and drank it according to directions.

Perhaps it was the whispering wind in the pines, or perhaps it was the water which rushed between the Isle and the

Georgian shore, but whatever it was "Rastus" was gradually lulled to sleep.

He awoke with a start! He gazed at the white, spectral, tombstones standing out plainly against the background of pine trees. Ah, what had happened? He had slept! His terrified eyes saw fiery red creatures with long, snaky, pointed tails rushing at him. His teeth chattered as his shaking legs carried him as fast as he could go, whither he knew not. He found himself at the house. Ah, he would gather all his possessions and fly to the other ends of the earth.

He unlocked the door and ran, quaking, into the front hall. His blind rush brought him forcibly and violently in contact with the wall, scarring his dusky features. As he found the staircase and started to ascend his trembling foot caught on a small table and sent it crashing to the floor. But disaster of

disasters! On it was a treasured vase handed down from father to son in the Williams family! It lay on the floor, shattered to fragments.

He sank on his knees in prayer and it was here the Colonel found him as he came downstairs. His eyes were wrathful, but as "Rastus" watched him in an agony of expectancy he saw them change to surprise and then to excitement. Following the Colonel's gaze, he saw, buried under the pieces of the vase, some papers which, upon investigation, proved to be documents to the effect that the mortgage had been paid and that the Colonel's father had bequeathed to him a large sum of money.

Needless to say they retained the house and "Rastus," having had his wages raised, invited all the darkies to attend the most gorgeous ceremony they had ever seen in the form of his—wedding.

EVERETT WILSON, '31.

Wealth

SOME forms of socialism are based on the abolition of accumulated wealth. On first thought this would seem to be a remedy for the ills of the world. A little reasoning, however, convinces us that it is not.

Let us concede for the moment that it would be possible to convince the people that it should be done. To put the plan into effect, our whole complicated system of industry and finance would be upset. This upheaval would cause untold misery among all classes of people, would see the death of art, literature, science and would set the world back one hundred years. Would the end justify the means?

Suppose that the new system is established and is running smoothly—all

industry is controlled by the state and no man is allowed to accumulate more than an amount fixed by the state. Where will be the incentive to spur a man on to greater effort? Why should he try to get a better job when that better job will not mean more comforts for his family and will put more responsibility on him? Where would the competition be that is the life and soul of modern business?

Some would have us believe that the rich man is a parasite that sucks the very life out of the laboring class. Is that true? Who is it that keeps open the factories which build high priced automobiles? Every "Rolls Royce" that is bought by a millionaire means many

hours' work for many men. Without accumulated wealth would we have the Rockefeller Foundation? Would Norwood have a beautiful library on Beacon Hill, a carillon in its town hall, and a hospital as complete and up-to-date as any in the state? Do you think these things would

have come from the people? I do not think so.

The rich man only has his wealth in trust. It comes from the people and goes back to the people as surely as water runs down hill.

ROBERT W. RAFUSE, '29.

"F. C. Jinkman, General Store"

ONE day this summer, while on a vacation trip, I chanced to stop for a few articles in the "center" of a small Maine town. There were three houses visible. In the window of one, hung the sign, "Young's Fine Homade Ice Cream, 5c a cone"; the next was lifeless and dilapidated looking; and the last was "the city" store, as the sign informed me, "F. C. Jinkman, General Store, Post Office—Only Store in Town which Delivers Goods."

Not knowing how far distant the next such warehouse might be, I hopped out of my bright, new roadster and turned toward the broad, inviting steps. By this time all the old cronies who were seated on the potato bags on the piazza, had ceased telling sea yarns and were "jes' wundrin" who we might be, and where we hied from. They sure gave me a warm reception (if that's what you would call it) when I set foot on the bottom step.

"Hallo!"

"How be ye, son?"

"I reckon you're from New York, heh?"

"Nice lil' lizzie, ye have."

I gave them a smile and looked around. On my right, were barrels, boxes, bags, and crates of every conceivable thing. On the left was a glassed-in room in which, evidently, the fruit and vegetables were

kept. Bunches of bananas were hanging from the ceiling. They looked as if they had been hanging thus since the "General Store" was built. On the floor were boxes of tomatoes, apples, lettuce, turnip, squash, string beans and every other vegetable known to the inhabitants of the deep, dense Maine woods. None of these appeared too fresh and the flies were having a marvelous time playing hide-and-seek in all the crooks and crannies.

I stepped inside the welcoming door. What a crowded bit of space! Who would ever have believed so many things could possibly fit into that room? And such a variety, too! Saws were hanging from the ceiling, boxes of cookies lined the floor, on each counter there was more merchandise.

On the right was a small window which looked into a paper-strewn room. This served as the "post office." A stout smiling woman was giving out the noon mail. She was slow and evidently careless, as two of the summer people returned to inform her they had received the wrong mail.

At the back counter, a young boy was waiting on a smart-looking woman and I was standing near enough to overhear the conversation.

"Yes, I would like a pair of sneakers for this little girl, high white sneakers, size 3, please."

"Just a moment, lady, those ought to be right here."

Whereupon, the boy-clerk began pawing over the boxes and crates back of the counter. After making a several minutes' search, he called, "Mr. Jinkman."

Presently, the latter arrived with a few muffled remarks of, "Busy! What do you want, anyway?"

"This lady would like a pair of sneakers for her daughter, high white sneakers, size 3."

"Those are in the barn. George is out there. He will show you."

I was still waiting.

In about fifteen minutes, the boy returned, waving one sneaker in his hand.

"Have looked everywhere, lady. Only have one shoe the size you want. I could give you a size 2 or 4, though."

"No, thank you. I'm afraid neither of those would do."

How could she be so serene and polite after waiting so long?

At the ice cream box there were three small children dipping out ice cream cones to all their friends, one after another. They must have been eating up all their father's profits.

One little, fat boy happened along just then and helped himself to a bottle of tonic. He "happened off" again, forgetting to leave his nickel. How could anyone run a business in this way?

Finally, Mr. Jinkman himself sauntered up and asked if he might do something for me.

"Yes, thank you. I would like six 'Old Nicks'."

"Old what? What is that?"

"'Old Nick for a Nickel,' the candy bar."

"Never heard of it. Guess we'll probably be getting those old hick things next week. Did you want anything else?"

"I would like a bottle of citronella."

"Fine, I know just where that is."

Mr. Jinkman entered a back room which must have been used for a store room, although it appeared less like one than the store itself. After I had waited for a period that seemed like an hour, he returned, accompanied by the young clerk.

"You say you saw that bottle of citronella on this shelf yesterday? Well, we'll have it in a minute then. What, it isn't here? Afraid somebody must have sold our last bottle of citronella this morning, mister."

By this time I was rather hot under the collar and couldn't refrain from asking, "How often do you take inventory here?"

"Take what, heh?"

And that was my first experience in a country store.

DORIS C. DEXTER, '29.

Autumn

The autumn leaves are falling

And the green has turned to gold.

And the harvesters are busy,

Storing grain 'gainst winter's cold.

And the birds are all migrating

Toward the lands of warmth they know,
Where the fields are never covered

With the ice and heavy snow.

MARGARET MUTCH, '31.

The Hurricane

Extra! Extra! All the newsboys cry
 Aloud the threat of the dark'ning sky.
 The mighty waves of the ocean roar,
 A wind blows in which no bird can soar,
 The hail hammers on the window-pane,
 To tell of the coming hurricane.

The billows rise, then fall foaming like
 yeast,

To roll along calmly for a time at least;
 Then rise again and fiercely race
 Toward the shore and the open space—
 Each to be first to strike on the beach,
 Each to get out of the other's reach.

The thunder claps; the storm has be-
 gun;

The real hurricane itself has come.

The slender trees sway, bend, and are
 blown down

As if cowering under the storm god's
 frown.

The ocean springs far back on the land,
 Rolling over the beach of golden sand.

Mercury and Triton, Neptune's sons,
 Had a quarrel o'er the love of one,

Beautiful Diana, of whom each was a
 lover.

A test would decide which god would be
 worthy of her,

The race was to see which god could
 damage most

The palm strewn, tropical, Floridian
 coast.

The gale blows ninety miles an hour.

Mercury, with all his power,

In his wrath has blown Florida in the face,
 So that he will be able to win the race.

He tore roofs from buildings, trees from
 the sod,

Beautiful trees, which were all made by
 God.

That's how this marvelous land of ours
 Was made a wreck in a few small hours.

The Florida of sunshine, palm trees, and
 flowers,

Golden sand, blue skies, bougainvillia
 bowers,

Changed to a land of destruction and woe,
 Because those two gods their limits would
 go.

Mercury won the foolish bet,
 But Florida isn't conquered yet.

It still holds its own irresistible charms
 In spite of all of its hurricane alarms.

JOE BINGHAM, '31.

November

November's chilling winds are blowing,
 And the swinging branches sere and bare,
 Are heralds of the old year's going;
 And falling leaves fill all the air.

The frost is on the ground at sunrise;
 The western sky at dusk is grey;
 All nature seems to sink in slumber,
 To dream away each shortening day.

BETTY COX, '30.

"Why Should We Bother With Grammar?"

(Review of an article written by Charles Boyd, and appearing in the *World Review* of September 17, 1928.)

"GRAMMAR consists of rules based on usage." "Improvements in a language result from a general advance in caste and logic." There are three types of language used by literate persons. The first of these is a colloquial type. This is a language peculiar to a certain section or district. Next of these is the kind used in informal correspondence or conversation. This means that the language is not according to an established form. The third type is the opposite of informal; it is used in formal correspondence or address.

The chief mistakes in grammar usage

are, first of all, a misplacement of the word "only"; second is the split infinitive. Probably more people make this error than any other. In most languages the infinitive is one word. In the English language, it is two words, and the words should not be separated; a third mistake is the use of the double negative.

Grammar is best not home-made, and if we remember to avoid these three common errors, mentioned above, we will have made a start towards establishing the habit of speaking correctly.

MARTIN O'DONNELL, '29.

Joys of a Hike

"OH, 'K,' we are in a nice predicament! Do you suppose we will ever get over to that banking?"

The situation was not very pleasant that "K" and I were in. We were on a hike and had had a jolly time until I suggested that we walk around the edge of the pond instead of keeping to the road. It so happened that the water was lower than usual and where we expected to find a small inlet, we discovered a flat place that appeared to be hard mud, but extraordinarily dark, so we decided to cross it instead of walking around. "K" had had fairly good luck so far, but I had gone down, into what we discovered to be exceedingly inviting muck, quite a few times with my right leg, which seemed to get the worst of everything. We had now reached the point when every suggestion seemed hopeless. Finally my comrade said, "Well, for the

sake of doing something, let's try to get our shoes and stockings off." I thought that seemed quite sensible so I started in. But oh dear me! the spot where I was standing, a few feet ahead of her, was such a bother to me. All it did was to try to draw me in to have a visit with it. Between holding a camera in my right hand, trying to untie one shoe, the shoestring of which was wet, with my left hand, and that poor old right leg half way down in the muck I certainly must have made a pretty picture.

After I finally succeeded in getting the shoe off I couldn't keep my balance any longer so plunged my stocking foot into the nasty stuff. Well, I don't know how it was accomplished, but after a fashion we succeeded in ridding ourselves of the bothersome foot attire. Now I had both my hands full so was quite well balanced and I started to try my luck at pro-

ceeding when I heard a pitiful cry behind me. Turning, I looked and saw—oh! what a sight! My poor pal had evidently received an invitation similar to mine and had been foolish enough to accept it, for there she was way above her knees in that terrible sucking stuff and being begged by it unceasingly to go in further.

I don't know what struck me but I did not use very choice language in telling her what to do. Then, when I started to look after myself again, I found I was in just about the same unfavorable condition as she was. Well, we decided to keep going as fast as possible after we got out of that mess. It made me think of plowing through the snow. When you are in the snow, however, you can usually feel solidness under your feet, but not here. Oh no! everything was so nice and soft and slippery.

Finally, I announced to "K" that one more step would bring me to the banking. She said that was the first piece of cheerful news she had heard for a long time. How we did scramble up that banking when we came to it! We could ap-

preciate the feeling of the Pilgrims, when they landed at Plymouth, after that. The first thing we thought of was our looks, as girls naturally would. My stockings were in an absolutely hopeless condition. The shoes, however, having been through many trying experiences, knew how to behave, so dried quite a little after sitting in the hot sun for a while. "K's" stockings, which were not so badly off as mine, for what reason I cannot account, we suspended in the breeze. After they had nearly dried, she put them and her shoes on and we proceeded on our way. My chum looked quite respectable, but I was joyfully trudging along with stockings in one hand and a muddy camera in the other.

The only thing I was dreading now was the reception I would receive when arriving home. Fate is kind to us once in a while, though, and I was only greeted with laughter when I entered the house and told my story.

How trivial experiences seem after they have happened!

REBECCA REID, '31.

On the Ducking Stool

IT was a warm day in June, 1671, in a small colonial village. On the shore of a broad river stood a ducking stool, which was being examined by a group of playful boys, while their sisters, curious, and not a little frightened, watched them in wide-eyed amazement. Then the parents began to assemble, men of austere and stern face, women, fine examples of the early American settlers.

Dame Rebuke, the disgraced one, was led to the water's edge amidst the stony faces and averted eyes of her neighbors. She was ducked thrice for breathing scan-

dal about one Dame Prim, who promptly reported her to the village council.

The ducking stool may be obsolete, but we should have some method of punishing the chronic gossip—that breeder of hate—the harbinger of ill-feeling, the herald of animosity, the obstacle to cooperation—in short—the almost ineffaceable blot upon nearly every community.

To-day the gossip, classed in many people's minds with such things as a sore toe, or the gout, can best be cured by the community.

If you fail to drop into a person's house to borrow a cup of sugar, or to use the phone, or if you studiously avoid them on the street, or if, during a chance meeting, you affect an air of polite boredom, that person will have no good opportunity to tell of Mrs. J.'s hat (the fifth this season) or of Hattie M's returning from the dance at two A. M.

If cleanliness is next to godliness, those corrected sinners of colonial times must

have been nearly ready for the ranks of the immortals. At any rate, their public disgrace undoubtedly led many a wayward soul to the straight and narrow path, an accomplishment which was a credit to the people of a community.

While I would not advocate any extremely harsh measures, it is my earnest hope that some gifted inventor will create a worthy successor to the old ducking stool.

CHARLES BRITTON, '29.

Jacques Le Berger Fou

AS a gorgeous, gold carriage rolled along the village street, dogs barked and children shouted. It stopped before the village inn, "Le Coq Rouge," a rambling old house.

A dark head appeared at the carriage window.

Before the inn a crowd laughed and jeered at a man playing the flute.

"What is the matter, Henri?" asked the dark haired man.

"I will see, sir."

Henri soon discovered, by questions, that the man was called Jacques Le Berger Fou, a shepherd for M. De Brisac. One villager, as he said the name "Jacques," tapped his head significantly.

Tossing some gold coins to Jacques, the man ordered his driver to proceed to the grey stone chateau of M. De Brisac on the hill back of the town. M. De Brisac, it might be explained, was a temporary exile from the court of his King.

During the fight, caused when the crowd pushed and struggled for the scattered gold, Jacques stole quietly away into the forest. He walked slowly along, playing upon his flute the ballads he had learned in the halls of M. De Brisac.

Jacques was a fairly tall boy about seventeen years old. He had wavy black hair, dark complexion and dreamy eyes. As he lay on the grassy hillsides, he played his flute and dreamed of far-off countries. The simple peasants, thinking him foolish, naturally called him Jacques the Foolish Shepherd. But M. De Brisac, being fond of the flute, often called him to the chateau to play for him. Tonight he was to play for a guest of his master.

That evening, as he entered the great banquet hall, Jacques saw the dark man who had thrown the coins. This gentleman had long black hair, piercing blue eyes, a short black beard and a long, drooping mustachio. He was dressed in scarlet satin, trimmed with much fine lace. In his ears he wore two heavy gold rings and at his side a gem-encrusted dagger of Damascus steel.

"Jacques," said M. De Brisac, "M. Le Faucon would have you play." Although Jacques did not know it, his audience was none other than Le Faucon, "The Falcon," a famous pirate captain of the West Indies.

The Falcon studied Jacques with his steely blue eyes.

As Jacques bowed himself out, he was suddenly siezed by two men. While Jacques' master smiled evilly, Le Faucon said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Our little Jacques will enjoy my next voyage to Tortuga with the rest of my slaves."

Two days later, Jacques, bound hand and foot, was taken to Brest and rowed aboard the pirate ship. It was "La Mouette," originally a Spanish warship.

Jacques was immediately set to work in the cook's galley. After forty days of cruelly hard labor, the ship arrived at Tortuga. Here, bound with his fellow slaves, Jacques was put on the block in the slave market and sold to a man named Smith. The latter was also a pirate captain and immediately set sail on a voyage around Cape de Alvarez, for Spanish ships often took this route in trading with Havana.

In eight months, four Spanish ships were captured, laden with cacao nuts and other provisions. In two years, Jacques thus exchanged masters four times.

Escaping one day, he fled to the hills and became a buccaneer, getting his living by hunting. Going by chance to Jamaica, he saw by a notice that Arnauld Du Renauld wished ten men "to help wipe out the Spaniards." He decided to join the force. On this journey Arnauld Du Renauld and his men captured six Spanish ships all heavily laden. Jacques, or as the men still called him, Le Berger Fou, received his share of the booty.

In ten years' service as a pirate, he thus acquired a small fortune, despite his immense losses at gambling each time his ship came to port. With this money he bought a ship, and manned her with promises of great future booty. He set his course to capture the ships which sailed between Maracaibo and Campechy. He finally captured two.

So many vessels fell before "Le Berger Fou," as Jacques named his ship, and her blood-thirsty crew, in the next fifteen years, that they were much feared by the Spaniards.

One day Jacques heard of three Spanish ships laden with gold bouillon and silver bound for New Spain. He decided to take these ships. Setting sail with a fair breeze, he cruised along, hoping to come up with the ships in a few days. On the fourth day the ships were sighted. They saw "Le Berger Fou" at the same time, but instead of fleeing, they came on faster. Jacques gave the signal to fire as soon as they were near enough, but the ball just grazed the bow of the nearest ship.

They fought for five hours. One Spaniard was sunk and she was sinking, when "Le Berger Fou" sprang a leak from an enormous hole in her side. Jacques had been wounded in the thigh but would not give up. At the end, he lay on the bridge and went down with his ship.

BETTY EVERETT, '30.

Evening

I look out in the evening,
On a calm and peaceful sky,
And see the sun go sinking,
As the clouds go passing by.

And often in the twilight,
I sit and look about,
To see the moon rise o'er the hills,
And watch the stars come out.

ELLEN CHISHOLM, '30.

A Hunting Trip

“SO you want grandfather to tell you the story about that bear-skin hanging on the wall with only three toes on one paw? My father had just given me a new Remington pump-action rifle for my birthday. I wanted to try the gun out; so I put on my heaviest clothes, as it was very cold, and went to a hunting cabin about five miles from my house in Maine where I knew the hunting was good. On my way to the cabin I shot at everything I saw, with the result that I had three squirrels, two rabbits, one pheasant, and the tail of another squirrel. When I reached the cabin, I discovered that I had only one bullet left, the others having fallen through a hole in my pocket. I built a fire and made some tea and some rabbit stew to keep myself warm. I was reading a week-old paper when I saw a notice which said, ‘Old Three Toes’ at large again. Cattle men have offered a reward of \$600 to the person or persons that can kill him. After examining an old muzzle-loading rifle, that I found in a corner, I took a short nap. When I woke up it was getting dark, and as I had only one bullet left I started for home.

“I was only a short distance from the cabin when I saw something that looked like an old crow’s nest in a dead chestnut tree. I climbed up to investigate and

was just reaching for the nest when the branch broke. As I was a law-abiding citizen, I obeyed the law of gravitation and came down in a hurry, landing on the rifle and smashing it. I was knocked out for a few minutes, and when I came to, I saw a huge bear, about one hundred yards away, coming at me. I got up, ran for the cabin and arrived about ten yards ahead of the bear. I barred the door and got the old muzzle-loading rifle, which had a charge of powder, but no bullets. It was so cold that I could hardly hold onto the rifle, so I went to start the fire and saw that I had used the last of the wood for the stew. I went to the window and saw the bear was ‘Old Three Toes,’ and that he had no idea of leaving, while a meal was so close at hand. It was so cold that the tears that came to my eyes froze solid. Presently, I had an idea. As I didn’t have any bullets, I took a handful of frozen tears, put them in the gun, and rammed in some paper. Then I went to the window, took careful aim, and shot the bear in the eye. The frozen tears melted and ‘Old Three Toes’ died of water on the brain. Needless to say I received the \$600.00 reward.

“If you don’t believe this story, ask me yourself.”

JOHN BURDETT, ’29.

The Rhino “Sees Red”

“LOOK here, Nabbi, couldn’t you for once not wear those scarlet trousers of yours? You know they are a regular danger signal, and if we do come across any rhinos today, I shouldn’t like to answer for the consequences.”

The speaker was Roy Sheldon, a tall, fair boy of eighteen. He and a party of friends were camping in Siam and hunting big game. Today was an off-day. They had pitched their camp in a clearing in a big forest late the night before. Their

guides were resting, and Roy had arranged to take his servant Nabbi (short for a long and unpronounceable Siamese name) with him to look for water.

The camp was in a promising place, but so far no stream had been discovered within easy distance of it, and, if their reconnoitering expedition proved unfruitful, it would necessitate another move before nightfall.

Nabbi looked rather forlornly at the offending garments. "Me hunt good and often in them, Sahib. Me very fond of them. They quite new for daughter's marriage. Big Comasha (display). Me not afraid."

"Oh, well, if that is the case," said Roy, laughing, "you can please yourself; but if we meet a rhino, and he sees red, don't blame me, that's all."

"Very good, Sahib." And Nabbi went off to collect the day's food from the cook, with the air of one who had settled the matter quite satisfactorily.

After walking through thick undergrowth for an hour or so, they came to an open space, and decided to sit down and refresh themselves before going any farther.

"Thank goodness we've got that bit over!" said Roy, mopping his brow. "Whew! I feel quite exhausted!"

While he rested, Nabbi wandered a little way off, searching for water, but came back presently, saying there was none to be seen. However, he thought he could distinguish a track of some large animal on the ground and said that if they followed that, it might very likely lead them to a stream or pond of some sort.

"That's all very well," said Roy; "but supposing it only leads us to this animal, or even a whole herd of them—what then?"

Nabbi shrugged his shoulders. "Sahib

want water. Nabbi help him find it—that's all."

"Oh, well, we'd better risk it. But what animal do you suppose it is?"

They examined the hoof-marks carefully, and Nabbi came to the conclusion that they were those of an Indian rhino, a one-horned variety that frequents the forests and swamps of Siam.

After plodding on for some miles, and finding nothing in the least resembling water, Roy began to have misgivings. It was so hot, and he did not want to run the risk of being overtaken by darkness. He decided they had better give up their quest and return to the camp.

"We seem to have come a long way," he said. "Don't you think we'd better go back? Anyway, we have lost the animal's tracks; I haven't noticed any for some time. Have you?"

So, very reluctantly, they turned around and started to retrace their steps.

Presently they came to a place where two paths crossed, and neither of them could remember which was the one they ought to take.

After a short consultation, it was decided that Roy should climb a tree and try to find their bearings, while Nabbi went a little way down each path in turn to look for the hoof-marks which had guided them.

Roy was agile as a monkey, and the very real fear of losing their way in that lonely forest made him climb to the top-most branch of the tree in an incredibly short time.

There he paused to take breath and to look about him. It did not take him long to recognize, about two miles away to the right, the clearing where the forest they were in abruptly ended and where they had called their first halt.

Delighted at the thought of their

safety, he was about to descend, when turning to look again in the direction from which they had just come, he thought he could discern, not many miles distant, a long, thin silvery line, which he felt sure must be a river.

"What a pity we didn't think of this tree business sooner!" he said aloud, in high spirits over this latest discovery.

He gave a loud "Hooroop!" and called to Nabbi to come back; then, carefully swinging from branch to branch, he started his descent of the tree. He was just preparing to jump to the ground from the lowest branch, when the whole earth seemed to shake, and he heard a terrific crashing and pounding and angry snorting. White with fear, he looked down and saw Nabbi racing along the path for dear life, hair and scarlet sash flying, a huge Indian rhino, head down, ready for the charge, literally at his heels.

Roy saw that there was not a moment to be lost. Quick as thought he stretched out his right leg, hanging on like grim death with the other, and clutching at the branch above him with his left hand.

"Jump for your life, Nabbi!" he shouted wildly, "jump for your life and hold on to my leg. Oh, for God's sake, be quiet—ck!"

Poor Nabbi had scarcely an ounce of breath left in him, but he wasn't a native for nothing. With one desperate effort, he leaped into the air, grasped Roy's dangling leg, and was hauled up by him, before the enraged animal, deprived of his prey, butted headlong into the trunk of the tree.

The impact half stunned him, but, with a roar of pain, he turned aside and continued on his mad career, snorting horribly as he went.

Not until he had disappeared into the heart of the forest, and could be heard no more, did the two fugitives dare come down from the tree and continue their way home.

"And Nabbi has at last consented to get rid of his scarlet trousers," said Roy, having told his story as they all sat around the camp-fire that night.

WILLIAM SWETKA, '29.

Dreams and Memories

MEMORIES? We all have memories, no matter who we are, or in what station of life. There are always incidents that have happened in the past that stand out more prominently than others in one's mind. They may be pleasant to recall or they may be unpleasant. They may have played a great part in one's life or they may be of just minor importance. No matter how they have affected one's life, they are memories. They often mean very little to youth, but the minds of the aged wander again and again, through their memories,

into the past, as they sit before the hearth watching the flickering flames. Their time to dream is past; they only remember.

Dreams! They belong to youth, who, as they go happily on their carefree way, dream of what the future has in store for them. Most of the men that meet with success today are those that have dreamed dreams in their youth.

Memories are of the past—dreams of the future! Each plays a part in life from which we cannot part.

AURELIA HOEGLER, '30.

The Land of Dreams

“OH, how the sun shines today! It was shining just like this ten years ago. Do you remember, Annie? No, I didn’t think that you would. You were too young, then.

“How it brings it all back to me! First, when your mother and I were married, I was then only a shoemaker in Gorod. But I wasn’t satisfied, for hadn’t I heard of America—the Land of Opportunity?

“When you were born, Annie, we dreamed of America more than ever, because we wanted you to have all the opportunities that land could offer. But we dreamed in vain, for how could a shoemaker in a small town like Gorod, make enough money to take him and his family to America?

“Then came the terrible year of which you have heard me speak. Oh, how it makes me shiver to think of it! It was that great year of famine. America was then a dream, more than ever. Our one thought was to earn enough money for food. There were many days when your mother and I ate nothing but a piece of bread. But we saw that you shouldn’t

suffer from hunger, for you were too young for such a bitter experience.

“Then came a letter from your Uncle Eddie. It was certainly a God-send to us, for we thought that he had died long since. He had left for America when he was quite young, and we had never heard from him. But when he heard of the great suffering in Gorod, he began to think of us. Before the war he was poor, but during the war he made money, and was quite well off now. In the letter that we received, he said that if we wished to go to America, he would send us enough money to take us across.

“You can imagine our rejoicing, Annie. At last, after so much suffering, our dream was coming true. The six months that passed from the day we received the letter until we boarded the ship, passed like a dream, for we were thinking of nothing else but that we were going to America.

It’s ten years today, since we reached America. How the sun was shining for everybody! But it was shining brighter for us, for had we not reached ‘The Land of Dreams Come True’?”

BERTHA CUSHING, '29.

Lullaby

Twilight falls; the birds all go to bed;
 Little stars peep through the velvet
 sky;
 Baby nods her sleepy little head;
 Dreamland fairies softly sail on high.

Mother Moon peeps o’er the distant hill;
 Night rides forth in glorious silver light;
 The world has gone to sleep and all is still;
 Moon-beam fairies make her nursery
 bright.

Little stars that once were shining high,
 Fade into the gray and soon are gone;
 Golden clouds form in the eastern sky;
 Baby wakes again to greet the dawn.

DORIS VAN CISE, '30.

It is Different When It Happens to You

ONE day, while walking down the street, I encountered Mildred, who was going to be a Senior at High School. We began to talk about school and I said I was going to be a Sophomore.

"Ho, you 'shrimp' a Sophomore!" she said.

"You don't remember when you were a Sophomore, do you?" I asked her, "but wait, some fine day and it will feel different when it happens to you again. You're not so big yourself," and I walked away.

The day arrived when we were to march to High School. In front of the building stood the Juniors and Seniors, taking notice of everyone. The only remark we heard was, "They certainly are shrimps!" Down in my heart I said, "I'm glad I'm not the only one."

During the first term the Sophomores were always taunted for doing things wrong. We showed them that although some of us were small we could do the right thing in class.

Mildred was graduated from High School with high honors. Next year she entered Brown University. Her first day at college was not so successful. It was like the Sophomores entering High School. How did she feel among the Juniors and Seniors? Did she do everything correctly? No! because she never told me any stories of her Freshman year when she told me some of her Junior and Senior years. It proved that it's different when it happens to you.

IDA BEREZIN, '31.

The Race

THE day is ideal for the long-looked-for race. The sky is clear and the air has a tinge of briskness that stimulates interest and makes the horses eager to be off. The grandstands are fast filling with people looking forward to an afternoon of excitement. In the stables, the sponsors are giving last minute instruction to the jockeys.

The entries are lined up and a sudden stillness falls over the vast throng. Suddenly, "crack," and they're off down the stretch. The crowd surges to its feet in a swaying, shouting mass.

In the first lap, Black Beauty leads by about two yards, much to the dismay of the betters on Baybury, Sal and Nancy Till. Round the track once and Black Beauty and Nancy Till are neck to neck.

Suddenly, the Beauty stumbles and pitches her rider to the ground.

The Black Beauty champions sink back to their seats with dismayed faces and some weep openly. Nancy Till's rooters nearly frantic with joy, are suddenly quieted when in the third lap, Sal begins to gain on Nancy until they are neck to neck. Baybury is almost indistinct in the dust behind.

The fourth lap finds Nancy and Sal still travelling neck to neck, when the latter begins to lag visibly. Baybury, with all his energy, gains yard by yard on Nancy Till and passes her.

The finishing line is now in evidence and Baybury is about a foot ahead of Nancy, who is trying vainly to regain the lead. It is impossible, however, and Baybury crosses the line, a winner.

Thus the race ends 'mid sorrow and happiness. The losers are striving to appear nonchalant over their loss, and the winners are happily gathering their

winnings. Whether winners or losers, they will all be lured to the race track again and strive to pick the winner.

MARY F. HAYES, '31.

A Midnight Adventure

IT was the ghost hour and "Gentleman Bob" slunk along the street. He stopped and a low sound of satisfaction issued from his lips. He entered the house of the aristocratic Mandervilles, through the back window.

He entered the dining room and located the family silver. Then he played his light along the wall until he found the wall-safe. With a few turns of the knob, and with a keen ear listening to the fall of the tumblers, he soon opened the safe. The far-famed Manderville jewels were there—also bonds and money. His eyes feasted on these for a moment, and he turned to go, but alas, a silver knife clattered to the floor. He drew back

into the dark shadows. He heard a voice upstairs say, "Who's down there?"

Gentleman Bob had to think quickly. He saw the radio in the dimly-lighted part of the room, and an idea came to him. He said, "This is station WEEI broadcasting. You have just heard the Johnson Troubadours playing their latest selections. Good night, folks!" Then "Gentleman Bob" jumped out of the window and made away with his biggest haul.

The voice upstairs was heard to say, "Who the heck left that radio on? Well, I guess I'll have to go down and shut it off."

JAMES MAHER, '29.

The Victor

DEATH, with his ugly features a mass of malicious grins, smiled triumphantly to himself. Not being content with claiming thousands of unfortunate victims every day, he longed to get more. He cast his wicked eye over a boat carrying pleasure-seeking people to the other side of the ocean. If he succeeded, he would add one hundred and forty-five persons to his list. If not—well—he would get more another way.

Hopeless in the hands of Death, now its master, the "Continental" rolled and tossed wildly on the vast bed of water. Whsh—sh! Roar! The angry waves were impatient to swallow the boat—

passengers and all. Down, slowly but surely, was the "Continental" going on her last trip, which would be to the bottom of the ocean.

Hysterical cries of women, bellowing orders of men, children shrieking and being thrown down by the force of the waves which rolled over the boat; water rapidly filling it,—all was a scene of panic.

Of all on board there were but three who remained calm: the captain, the forward mate, and a young lad who was a bell-hop. Two were trying to quiet the people, lower the life boats and put the passengers into them. The captain

was in the cable room sending an S. O. S. signal.

For the first time in his seventeen years, Lester Sheldon, the bell-hop, gave orders instead of taking them.

"All men to lifeboats!" he shouted as loudly as he could. Comparing his voice with the sound made by the rushing waves, it was but a mere whisper.

It seemed hours before the first lifeboat was down, but it was only a matter of a few minutes. Men hurriedly pushed women and children into it. Then, suddenly, even without a word of warning, a woman fainted and slid off the slippery deck into the water. A few minutes of searching and she was pulled into a lifeboat, dead.

Ah! Death in the background nodded approvingly when he saw his first victim. The cruel torture of his fiendish grin was unbearable. His chances stood ninety-nine to one hundred that he would be victor.

"Oh, Lord! Why do they try to save our lives by setting us adrift in the middle of an ocean? It would only be futile," came from one passenger who wasn't expecting an answer.

"Where there is life, there is hope," came from the forward mate. "Please hurry into a lifeboat."

Due to the quick action and thinking of Sheldon and of Bradley, the forward mate, all the passengers and deck hands were safe in lifeboats. They, too, had just started to leave the boat, when Sheldon noticed the absence of Captain Webber. With wonderful alertness after such hazardous and tiring work, he rushed back to the cable room. There, with water two feet deep around him, he found Webber unconscious in his chair. He lifted the captain and dragged himself through the water-filled room. Sud-

denly feeling weak, just as he reached the deck, he called to Bradley. Running to Sheldon, Bradley took Webber from him, whereupon, Sheldon dropped unconscious to the floor.

When he came to, he found himself on a cot in a stateroom. Standing at the head of the bed was the captain of the "Maryland."

"Well, son, we thought you were done for. We never heard a more remarkable stunt on the seas," was the complimentary remark.

"Where am I?" asked Sheldon.

"On board the 'Maryland'." We were just twenty miles out from the harbor when we got your S. O. S. signal. Then, going top-speed ahead, we covered the entire distance in less than two hours. It's some little speedboat we have. Yes, son, it's a Jim-dandy," he concluded.

"Everyone saved?" asked Lester.

"All but one woman who fell overboard." Suddenly he laughed, and a quizzical look crossed Lester Sheldon's face.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"During your delirium, which lasted two days and a night, all you said was, 'Is everyone saved? Where is Webber?' Then you regained consciousness and asked the same thing."

"Two days and a night! How long have I been here, anyway?"

"Three days and nights," the captain answered laughingly. "Lazy Bones! You're the only one who has slept so long."

A few hours later found Sheldon feeling better and walking around on the boat. The first to greet him was Captain Webber. After giving him a hearty handshake and thanking him for saving his life, he stepped back to let the other

people of both boats have a chance to congratulate him.

Answering the summons which they received a week later, Sheldon, Webber, and Bradley found themselves standing before naval officers in a private room of the Naval Headquarters building.

" . . . and in recognition of their heroic work aboard the ill-fated 'Continental,' we do hereby acknowledge their bravery by presenting the 'Croix de Guerre' to Captain Roy Webber; to forward mate, George Bradley; and to Lester Sheldon

. . ." was all they heard clearly while listening to the honor cast upon them.

With lumps in their throats, and tears in their eyes, none of them able to speak for happiness, the three went slowly back to the "Maryland."

With its heretofore triumphant look replaced by one of anger and defiance, Death, in its black hood and robe gazed upon the earth for more victims—but No, Death! You are not always the victor!

ALICE HOWARD, '29.

The Country Near a Waterfall

Swaying trees—
Whispering breezes bordering and enclosing
Three arches—
A smooth sheet of silvery water,
Slowly, slowly creeping.

A splash—
A roar—
And the peace is broken—
Suddenly swirling,
Foaming with anger,

Roaring over stones—
Then dashing under the bridge.

Peacefully, stealthily moving,
Calmly rippling
Over on the other side of the bridge—
Another world.

Blue sky,
Green meadows dotted with daisies,
Golden cowslips skirting the brooklet—
Such is life in a country where peace and beauty abide.

ANNA G. BALTADONIS, '29.

Children

Dancing, smiling, little drops of light,
Prancing, racing, ceaseless, morn to night
What is it, pray, I ask of you,
That makes life sweet to all?
'Tis the love and light of a child's delight
That blesses the life of all.

FRANCES E. SANTORO, '29.

Foreign Language Department

Le Jour de Thanksgiving

Les premiers flocons de neige tombent. Le vent siffle avec férocité autour de la maison. Le soleil se cache derrière les nuages gris et menaçants. La fumée sort de la cheminée, dans une ligne grise et mince. Les arbres dépouillés de feuilles semblent frissonner dans le froid. Tout est silencieux, on ne voit personne. Tout le monde est dans sa maison.

Mais si l'on regarde dans une de ces maisons, on verra une vue tout à fait différente. Un grand foyer est dans un coin de la chambre. Un feu dans le foyer chauffe la chambre. Devant le feu quatre enfants jouent, négligents du froid dehors de la maison. Le père coupe du bois pour le feu. Et la mère prépare le dîner avec grand souci. On sent l'odeur du dindon dans le four, les pommes de terre dans les briques du foyer. La tarte sent bonne et sur la table il y a de la gourde et de la sauce des canneberges.

Mais pourquoi est-ce que tout est si joyeux? Pourquoi? C'est le jour de Thanksgiving.

J. HARTWELL, '30.

Une Affiche

Sur le mur de notre salle de classe il y a quatre affiches. Une de ces affiches est le col du grand St. Bernard. Au fond sont les Alpes, Mont Blanc au loin. Elle est jaunie par les rayons du soleil. Les montagnes qui semblent plus près sont pourpres. Au milieu il y a un lac. Sur la montagne à droite, qui est Mont-

Joux, est l'hospice de St. Bernard de Menthon. St. Bernard était un moine dans le onzième siècle. Il fonda l'hospice sur Mont-Joux à un défilé dangereux dans les montagnes. Avec l'aide de ses chiens il sauva beaucoup d'hommes en hiver. Les chiens aident à trouver un homme et le guidaient à l'hospice. Ils avaient un flacon de vigne attaché autour de leurs cous pour revivre l'homme.

Cet hospice est continué maintenant par les moines Augustins. A présent il y a des accommodements pour trois cent personnes. Mais on ne peut rester que pour une nuit.

Beaucoup de personnes ont béni St. Bernard et ses chiens et les moines Augustins de les avoir délivrés de la tempête.

BETTY EVERETT, '30.

Octobre

Les jours d'Octobre sont arrivés
Et les feuilles des arbres sont tombées;
Plusieurs restent sur la terre,
Elles sont rouges, jaunes et verts.

Les jours sont devenus très courts,
Et les nuits sont plus longues encore.
Le temps fait bien froid aussi,
Et Novembre sera bientôt ici.

HELEN J. MATTSON, '30.

Un Dialogue

Scène—A bord d'un bateau destiné pour New York.

Premier caractère, un jeune homme qui est très vain et prétentieux: «Pardonne-

moi, mon cher homme, mais je pense vous reconnaître. J'ai beau essayer de me souvenir d'où je vous ai vu auparavant. Avez-vous jamais voyagé?»

Deuxième caractère qui souffre du mal de mer: «Oui, oui, un peu, mais jamais sur un bateau. J'espère qu'il ne me sera jamais nécessaire encore une fois. C'est terrible!»

Premier caractère qui veut avoir l'air d'être très ignorant de la nature terrible du mal de mer: «Oh! n'importe, c'est entendu. Venez dîner avec moi et vous irez mieux.»

Deuxième homme: «Non, non, cela suffit, allez-vous-en, taquin.»

Premier homme: «Si pas maintenant, nous dînerons demain, Vous semblez être un homme très, très intéressant.»

Deuxième: «Jamais, jamais de la vie! Dîner! Jamais encore!»

Premier: «Mais, bien sur, il faut dîner. Demain, à huit heures. Ne comprenez vous pas qu'il est un honneur que moi, un homme très comme il faut, je vous invite à dîner avec moi?

Deuxième: «Eh, oui, c'est bien. Cela m'est égal.»

Premier: «Bien, maintenant, comment vous appelez-vous?»

Deuxième, saluant: «Je suis très insignifiant quand vous êtes ici. Je ne suis que le roi d'Angleterre.»

DORIS C. DEXTER, '29.

Le Dîner

Bonjour, Monsieur! Aimez-vous une table près de la fenêtre?

Oui, garçon, s'il vous plaît.

Très-bien, voici le menu.

Garçon! Nous choisissons deux dîners et une tranche de rosbif. Des pommes de terres frites et un verre de lait. Je n'ai

pas faim. Oh! et peut-être une tarte aux pommes.

Aimez-vous vos dîners, messieurs?

Oui, mais j'ai oublié de commander les huîtres crus. Ils sont si bons à cette saison de l'année. Maintenant le dîner est fini. Nous irons au théâtre. C'est une bonne idée, n'est-ce pas? Avez-vous donné un pourboire au garçon?

Non, j'oublie le pourboire toujours.

Un franc est assez, n'est-ce pas?

Oui, on ne donne pas deux francs quand on n'est qu'un pauvre étudiant. Vite, il est l'heure du théâtre. Allons!

ROBERT METTERS, '30.

Mon Desir

Si j'avais mon désir aujourd'hui,

Je serais sans doute à Paris,

Parce que j'aime cette ville pleine de vie
Dont les splendeurs nous ont ravis.

Je voudrais voir ses bâtiments, ses rues.

Je voudrais sentir son soleil, sa pluie.

Mais parce que je ne peux pas avoir mon
désir aujourd'hui,

Je le garderai secret et inconnu.

BERTHA CUSHING, '29.

L'Automne

Un arbre

Des feuilles

Brilliantes

Jaunes et

Rouges.

Un arbre

Sans feuilles

Sombre

Vieux et

Mort.

LILIAS COX, '30.

Una Corrida de Toros

Una Corrida de Toros

La ciudad está adornada de banderas brillantes. Todo el mundo está de buen humor. ¿Por qué? Porque es día de fiesta—la corrida de toros. Galanes y señoritas, señores y señoras—todos van a la corrida de toros.

Los combatientes entran en la arena. Los picadores están a caballo. Ellos usan los vestidos de campeón español. Pues vienen los banderilleros. Ellos llevan capas rojas. Y ahora viene el matador. Tiene una lanza y una capa roja.

En seguida, entra el toro. Los picadores atacan al toro con sus lanzas. El toro está furioso. Los banderilleros torturan al toro y muestran sus capas rojas. Ellos tratan de picar al toro algunos dados barbados. Si hay peligro, los combatientes saltan por encima de una barrera.

Los espectadores exclaman y gritan. Están encantados.

Cuando el toro está cansado el matador mata al toro con su lanza.

A los mismos españoles que les gusta el fandango y la guitarra, también les gusta mucho la corrida de toros.

ISABELLE YARMALOVICH, '29.

Mil novecientos veinte y ocho

Mi querido amigo León:

De vez en cuando me he decidido a escribirle a usted; y pues empiezo a pensar en lo mucho que tengo que hacer a la escuela.

Paso la mayor parte de mis días en preparando mi trabajo de la escuela para el día siguiente. Las lecciones son difíciles; lo que usted debe saber.

Mis profesores me ayudan en mis

libros, lo cual lo hace mas fácil. Pero doy mucho tiempo al estudio y poco a los juegos. Paso por lo menos una hora a cada una de mis lecciones. Después voy fuera de la casa a jugar por poco tiempo.

Usted está de mejor fortuna que yo, porque usted se halla sólo en el primer año de la escuela superior. Pero sabemos que "La letra con sangre entra" y que "Tras los años viene el juicio."

Como usted ve, estudio los proverbios españoles.

Quedo como siempre su verdadero amigo.

GUILLERMO D'ROSARIO, '29.

Caesar

Caesar erat potentissimus vir. Bellō in Gallicō demonstrat quanta esset eius virtus et quid possit facere.

Helvētiī, potēns gēns, et Orgetorix, dux Helvētiōrum, statuērunt exīre dē suis finibus cum omnibus copiīs: cum omnibus praestēmus virtute, totius Galliae imperiō potiri erit facile. Consilio ēnuntiātō Orgetorix mortuus est. Dumnorix impetrat ab Sequanīs ut per eōrum finēs Helvētiōs ire patiantur. Helvētiī traduxerant suās copiās per angustias et in finēs Haeduōrum pervēnerant eōrumque agrōs populabantur. Haeduī rogavērunt subsidium ab Caesare. Caesar vēnit et occidit magnam partem Helvētiōrum Princeps Helvētiōrum, Diviciō, venit ad Caesarem et minatur Romanīs.

Interim rēs ei frumentariae est nōn satis. Dumnorix potēns vir culpātur Diviciacus frater Dumnorigis obsecrāre coepit, nē quid gravius in suum fratrem statueret. Caesar pollicitus est. Occidit multōs Helvētiōs.

Interdum Ariovistus vēnit in finēs Gallōrum. Caesar pugnat hostēs et hostēs compressi terga vētērunt. Militi-

bus institutis in hibernis, ipse profectus est in ceteriorem Galliam.

Belgae coniurationem fecerunt contra populum Romanum. Caesar reppulit hostes qui trans flumen Axonam oppugnaverant suos. Etiam superat Suesiones, Bellovacos, Ambianosque. Deinde superavit Nervios et tradidit Aduaticos in servitutem.

Brevi spatio Veneti orti sunt contra Romanos. Suae navis superant Romanas navis. Romani conciderunt malos, igitur milites facile superaverunt.

Caesar statuit ire ad Britanniam. Tandem omnes copiae instructae sunt in arido. Hostes et equitatu et essedis habuerunt multos usus. Morini tamen superabantur et Romanus exercitus apud Belgas hiemavit.

Caesar venit in Britanniam rursus. Britannici se tradiderunt. Tum rediit ad Galliam. Horribilis casus accidit. Sabinus et Cottae.

Quintus Cicero fortiter defendit sua castra. Rogat ab Caesare auxilium. Tandem Caesar pervenit. Ciceronem legionemque conlaudat.

Mox aedificavit pontem trans flumen Rhenum. Caesar Ubiorum satisfactionem accepit. Suebi cum omnibus suis copiis penitus ad extremos fines se receperant.

JULIUS SHERMAN, '30.

Res Publica Romana

Gubernacula urbis Romae erant res publica. Erant tamen genera dua quae plebes et patricii nominata sunt. Patricii erant nobilissimi et plebes oppresserunt. Plebes numerum creverunt et

maiores instituta rogaverunt. Patricii potestatem veterem retinere conati sunt sed plebes gradatim eam obtinuerunt.

Civis qui omnes potestates civitatis habuerunt, civis optimo iure appellati sunt. Post Bellum Sociale omnes Italici viri qui liberi nati sunt, erant civis optimo iure. Nomina, igitur, patricii et plebes, omnem significationem perdidērunt.

ELIZABETH BLAIR, '29.

Mi casa está en la calle de Walpole. Mi casa es blanca y no es muy grande. Nuestra casa tiene ocho cuartos. En el piso bajo están la cocina, el comedor, la sala de recibo, y la biblioteca. En el primer piso, hay tres alcobas y el cuarto de baño. Calentamos la casa con agua caliente. El calorífero está en el sótano. Tenemos una chimenea en la biblioteca. En cada sala hay dos puertas por las cuales entramos o salimos. Leemos y estudiamos en la biblioteca y comemos en el comedor. Si no tenemos nada que hacer escuchamos el radio.

GEORGE BLASENAK, '30.

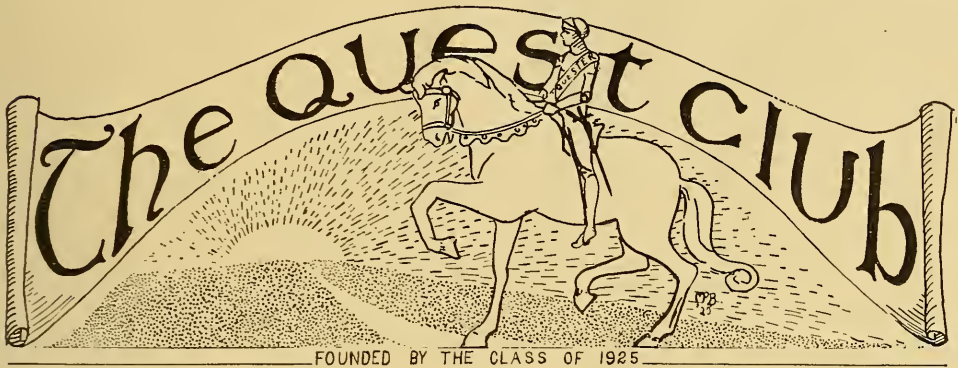
Le Barbier: «Je vous ai rasé auparavant, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur?»

Le Chaland: «Non, Monsieur, j'ai reçu ces cicatrices en France.»

ROBERT W. RAFUSE

Le Français (sévèrement, à un compatriote qui est devenu un citoyen d'Angleterre): «Qu'est-ce que vous avez gagné par devenir citoyen?»

L'Autre: «Eh bien, vous voyez, je gagne la bataille de Waterloo.»



Foreword

SENIOR and junior members of the Quest Club are greatly pleased with the interest which the sophomores have taken in the Club from the very day they entered High School. Already one hundred and twelve members of the Class of nineteen hundred thirty-one have joined

the Club. Twenty of these have even earned the right to wear a Quest Club pin.

That all of its members may own a copy of its Constitution and By-Laws, the Quest Club is again publishing them in this issue of the "Arguenot."

Constitution and By-Laws

ARTICLE I

Name

Section 1. The name of the organization shall be "The Quest Club" of the Norwood High School. Its members shall be called "The Questers."

Section 2. Whenever the caption "The Quest Club" shall appear in print it shall be followed by the words "Founded by the Class of 1925."

ARTICLE II

Purpose

The purpose of the Club shall be to foster and cultivate the appreciation of High School students for the best in all pursuits, and to further and broaden the education received in High School.

ARTICLE III

Officers

Section 1. The Officers of the Club shall consist of a President, a Corresponding Secretary, a Financial Secretary, a Recording Secretary and a Faculty Councilor.

Section 2. The Executive Committee shall consist of the above named officers and four Representatives of each of the classes of the school.

ARTICLE IV

Election of Officers

Section 1. The President of the Club shall be a member of the Senior Class. The Corresponding Secretary shall be a member of the Senior Class. The Fi-

nancial Secretary shall be a member of the Junior Class. The Recording Secretary shall be a member of the Sophomore Class. Of the four Representatives from each class two shall be girls and two shall be boys.

Section 2. All the above mentioned officers and representatives shall be elected by popular vote and shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected.

Section 3. The Faculty Councilor shall be appointed by the Principal of the High School.

ARTICLE V

Membership

Section 1. Any teacher or pupil of the Senior High School is eligible for membership in the Club.

Section 2. A person eligible for membership may become a member of the Club by signifying his desire to do so in writing.

Section 3. New members shall be admitted to the Club each school year from the opening of school until November fifteenth. After November fifteenth the membership list shall be closed until the following school year.

Section 4. A pupil entering the school after November fifteenth of any year may have all the privileges of membership in the Club until such time as the membership list is again open.

ARTICLE VI

Dues

There shall be no dues attached to membership.

ARTICLE VII

Meetings

Section 1. Meetings of the Executive Committee shall be held the first Wed-

nesday of each month during the school year.

Section 2. Special meetings of the Executive Committee may be called by the President or any two other members of the Executive Committee.

Section 3. Meetings of the entire Club shall be called as occasions require by the President.

Section 4. Special Meetings of the entire Club shall be called by the President in response to a written request signed by five Questers.

ARTICLE VIII

Quorum

Section 1. At any meeting of the Executive Committee nine members, at least seven of whom are students shall constitute a quorum.

Section 2. At any meeting of the entire Club one-third of the number of Questers, but not less than twenty-five shall constitute a quorum. At least one Faculty Quester shall be present.

Section 3. When less than a quorum is present at any meeting, no business shall be transacted except to adjourn to such time as a majority of those present shall determine.

ARTICLE IX

Voting

Whenever a question arises which must be decided by ballot, it shall be voted upon at a meeting of the Executive Committee and the result of the voting made public. If the result does not meet with the approval of Questers, any Club member may make a written request to the President for a popular vote. The request must be signed by ten members of the Club. In such case the first vote will be declared null and void, and the ques-

tion shall be put to a vote of the entire Club.

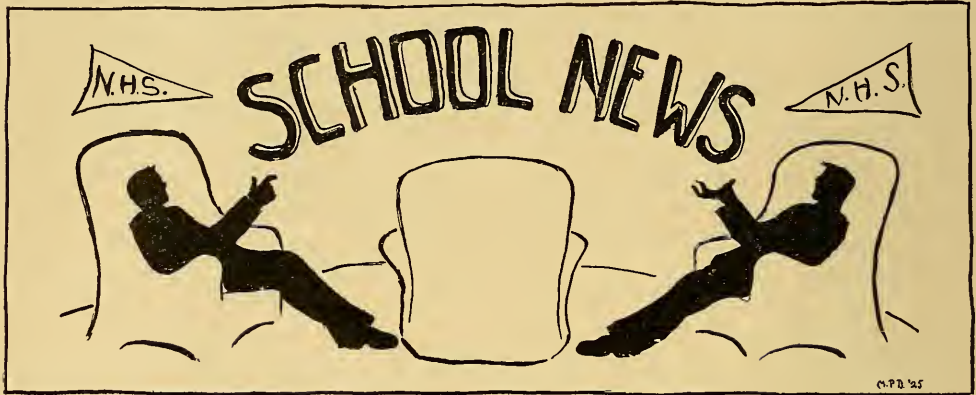
ARTICLE X

Amendments

These By-Laws may be altered or amended at any legal meeting of the entire

Quest Club by a two-thirds vote of those present, provided the proposed amendment has been previously passed by a two-thirds vote of the Executive Committee and further provided that the proposed amendment is approved by the Faculty Councilor.





School opened on September fifth. At the opening assembly Mr. Archibald outlined the activities for the year and emphasized the fact that every class should work for the improvement of the school.

During the following week assemblies were held for the girls of the school. Miss Ruth Gow, our new dean of girls, told us what a dean should be to girls.

On the twenty-third and twenty-eighth of September, the assemblies were devoted to the practice of football cheers. Several new songs had been contributed and special stress was put on these. Mr. McBay presented a very fine new marching song. We have had need of such a song for some time. Mr. McBay has the hearty thanks of the entire school.

September twenty-ninth was a gala day for Norwood. This marked the dedication of our new athletic field. A parade was formed by the pupils of the

Senior and Junior High School arranged according to classes. The parade was led by the Norwood Band, town officials, National Guard, and cheer leaders. Each class carried its numerals, and there was a large Norwood banner at the head of the line. The entire parade marched through the town and up to the field where seats were reserved. Everyone joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner," and the members of the National Guard gave an exhibition drill. The opposing team was from Worcester Commerce High School. It was a fine game, and the Norwood team came through in its true fashion and scored the first touchdown on the new field. The final score was Norwood twenty-five, Worcester six.

Norwood High School is extremely fortunate in having the cooperation and interest of the townspeople in giving us such a fine athletic field.

The Debating Club

A NEW club, and one that is going to prove of great value to the student members, has been recently formed at the Norwood High School. The school is

fortunate in having one if its new teachers, Miss Wheeler, sufficiently interested to devote three afternoons a week to instruct and coach a debating team.

The sophomore, junior and senior divisions of the club hold their respective meetings one afternoon a week. Three teams have been formed, each representing the three classes.

After the inter-class debates have been held Miss Wheeler will select the best material of the three teams to form the "varsity" team. This team is hoping to debate with as many other high school teams as possible.

The Debating Club has already chosen the subject of its debate—Resolved:

"The United States shall grant independence to the Philippine Islands."

This new club will be of definite value to the students of Norwood High School for a good debater learns first, the art of public speaking; second, to have one's thoughts at the command of the tongue and to speak fluent English; and third, to think clearly.

The club has only had a few meetings, but the student members are already beginning to appreciate its value.

HELEN J. MATTSO, '30.

Our Orchestra

I WONDER if we all appreciate the orchestra we have here in Norwood High School. Do we realize the hours of hard work that are given over to practicing—and all outside of school hours!

Most of us seem to look on it as a necessary evil, with the idea that "all other high schools have one so I suppose we must." Well, what good is the orchestra? Why have one anyway?

To begin with, it enables the high school to have its graduation music, and the music for the senior play, given by the Norwood High School Orchestra. And then, all students cannot go out for

athletics, for various reasons, and it gives a portion of those the opportunity to earn an "N" in a field other than in athletics.

This year a great many of the new sophomores have shown their school spirit by coming out for orchestra. There are thirty-seven students now enrolled in the orchestra, where as last year there were only about twenty-five.

In the past the orchestra has done some fine work, and no doubt, once again, under the efficient leadership of Professor Dethier, it will make as fine a showing as it has in the past few years.

Senior Notes

After two years' work in our new school, we have finally reached our long hoped for ambition—to be seniors. In years past, we envied the seniors and pictured ourselves in their position as the highest classmen. We have at last reached the heights and must make ourselves worthy of the title of "Seniors." In order to attain this, our previous faults must be

corrected and our worthy achievements retained.

Last year, one of our most noticeable faults was our negligence in paying our class tax. Let's begin by paying the tax regularly every month. This not only makes our burden lighter at the end of the year, but it is also of invaluable help to the treasurer.

In our junior year, we won the Board of Trade Scholarship Cup four times. Why not strive to better our record and win the cup five times this year? Remember, there is always room for improvement.

We did not support the "Arguenot" as we should have last year. Why can't

we show our school spirit and have one hundred per cent subscription? It's up to us seniors to show what can be done.

Our traffic officers are carrying out their duties and seem to be right "on the job." Let us all "be on our job" and show what the title "Seniors" can mean.

Senior Class Meetings

On September 11, the Class of 1929 held its first meeting in the gymnasium. Mr. Archibald, the principal, spoke on the seniors' position of responsibility in the high school. He told the seniors that they held a very important position here, and he discussed the duties of the senior class towards the teachers, the principal and the undergraduates. Only through cooperation can the seniors hope to maintain a high standard in the school.

The second point he stressed was the scholarship of the class. After making an excellent record last year, the class should endeavor to lead the school in this matter another year.

Mr. Archibald said that only through working together could the seniors hope to assume leadership of the school. They are taken as models by the entering class and they should maintain order and efficiency in passing through the corridors. He adjourned the meeting by dismissing the students to their various classes.

On October 2 the senior class held another meeting in the gymnasium. Mr. Archibald again directed the meeting. The meeting was held for the purpose of organizing for the coming year. He requested the seniors to be thinking of their selections for the different class officers and to make their choice on the abilities of the student and not on his popularity or athletic prowess.

Mr. Archibald accused the class of an inclination to sit back and let someone else do the work. In concluding, he urged them to try to make this last year the best one at "Norwood High."

The officers elected were:—

President—Marston Thayer.

Vice-President—Mary Nolan.

Secretary—James Collins.

Treasurer for Girls—Frances Lydon.

Treasurer for Boys—Charles Newman.

School Council—Andrew Costello, John Kelliher, Philip Kravitz, Claire Riley, John Weisul.

Athletic Council—John Tulerseski.

Esther: "Ellen, you sit on all jokes."

Eleanor: "She wouldn't if there was any point to them."

Exchange.

Teacher: "John, give me a sentence containing fascinate."

John: "I have a coat which has nine buttons, but I can only fascinate."

Exchange.

Junior Class Meetings

The junior class held its first meeting, October 3, in the girls' side of the gymnasium. After the opening exercises, Mr. Archibald spoke of the coming class election on October 9. He also spoke of the necessity of having a school band and debating and dramatic clubs. Norwood has had great success in athletics but has not shown much enthusiasm for the different clubs which other schools, smaller than ours, have.

Scholarship was another thing that was spoken of. Since we were not a great success as sophomores last year, he suggested that we try to have the numerals "30" the first to be engraved on the cup

this year. Besides this, participation in as many school activities as possible will show everyone that we have the right school spirit.

The results of the Junior Class elections were:

The results of the senior elections were:

President—Irving Silverman.

Vice-President—Jane Hartwell.

Secretary—Carlton Dyer.

Treasurer for Girls—Theora Cottrell.

Treasurer for Boys—Edmund Kelley.

Student Council—Catherine Breen, Margaret Corcoran, Madeline Doherty, James Flaherty, Ernest Zinkowsky.

Athletic Council—Eino Aaltonen.

Teacher: "What misfortune happened in the lesson to-day?"

A. Corish: "The stake fence jumped on Wildfire and killed him."

* * *

Mr. Sawyer: "What would you do if there was no carbon dioxide in ginger ale?"

J. Flaherty: "I would put some in."

* * *

Miss Smith: "What should one do to become lithe or supple?"

Elizabeth Johnson: "Reduce!"

Father: "Well, Philip, how are you getting on with your teachers?"

P. Breen: "Fine! A couple of them like me so well, they told me to come back every afternoon next week."

* * *

Mr. Sawyer: "Which is the largest number on the board?"

J. Dundulis: "The biggest one."

Sophomore Class Notes

Now that we sophomores have had a chance to become acquainted, we should get together on solving our common problems. One of these is: How to win the Scholarship Cup. To the class having the largest number of students on the honor roll, the Scholarship Cup is given

each term. We *must* win that cup, and in order to do so, both boys and girls will have to "fight with all their might." Let's not give in, no matter how long and hard the assignments seem, and if we don't finish first, let's plan to try all the harder next time. If we're defeated,

we'll be good losers, but there should be no question of that, for with the right spirit we're bound to win.

Much interest has been shown in the election of class officers this year. A misunderstanding about the method used for nominating was the cause for the re-election. We all are sorry for the time it took and the inconveniences it caused others to have the re-election. We certainly appreciate the efforts made by those who helped us and sincerely thank them.

The offices are filled as follows:

President—John O'Day.

Vice-President—Edward Farioli.

Secretary—Leo McTernan.

Boys' Treasurer—Arthur Rodgers.

Girls' Treasurer—Frances Canfield.

Athletic Council Member—Joseph Kazlauskas.

Student Council Representatives—

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| 1. Thomas Mulvehill | 2. John Payne |
| 3. Joseph Stanewich | 4. Mary Hayes |
| 5. Josephine Bingham. | |

"Keep a Goin'!"

If your French won't "Parlez-vous,"

Keep a goin'!

If your English troubles you,

Keep a goin'!

There's no use to sit and whine

When the teacher "says her line,"

Oil your brains and keep on tryin',

Keep a goin'!

HALVAR TOLANDER, '31.

JOKES

Prof. Dethier: "Helena Hobson?"

(No answer).

Prof. Dethier: "Helena Hobson?"

Miss Hobson: "Here."

Prof. Dethier: "Are you sure you're here?"

Alumni Notes

'28

George Abbott is at Dean Academy

Kay Acton and Mary Connolly have started their courses at Miss Wheelock's School.

Astrid Anderson is working in the advertisement department of the Holiston Mills and Antoinette Gotivich is doing office work there.

Madeline Andrews, Dorothy Bird and Abbie Tobin are enjoying their studies at Burdett College.

Aldona Babel is the first of our class to try married life.

Charles Babel is taking a pre-medical course at B. U.

Victor Babel, Arthur Curtin, and Bradford Dean are going to Northeastern

Rose Bashford and Catherine Daisley are working up to proof readers at Plimpton's. Sinky, Florence Johnson and Leonard Johnson are doing office work there. Olga Endresen, also, had a position there this summer.

Vivian Brynjulfsen is working at the First National Bank of Boston.

Edith Burke is doing secretarial work for O. C. Moyer and Co., Boston.

Howard Cedarfeldt is working at the Santa Fe Railroad Co., Boston office.

Anne Chaisson is going to Salem Normal School.

Carl Clem is swimming instructor at the Civic pool.

Loretta Coakley, Katherine Griffin, Catherine Doran, Mildred Schaier and Helen Wacks are working hard at Bridge-water Normal School.

John J. Concannon is working at Birds.

Willard Cottrell has made the Freshman team at Colgate.

Marion Cushing is doing switchboard duty at the Norwood Hospital.

Virginia Daniels is taking a post graduate course prior to her training at the Children's Hospital.

Ernest Deeb is working for his father.

Mary Dillon is working in an office in Dedham.

Alice Donahue and Jean Kneznek are studying at Chandler Secretarial School.

Yonie Donovan and Lopey Rich are surely putting N. H. S. on the map at Exeter.

Bobbie Donovan is working at Garner's and will enter Northeastern in January.

Edith Eisenhaur has gone in training.

Sonny Donahue and Donald Frazier are studying at Huntington School.

Mary Foley is doing office work for Doctor Danovitch.

Babe Geary has been doing temporary work at Bird's.

Dorice Gilliland is going to Mansfield Academy, Boston, and is studying Beauty Culture.

Toddy Phalen and Margaret Golding are working at the Norwood Press as copy holders.

Pearl Gordon has gone in training.

Herman Brown is working.

Henry Rafuse is working as an electrician.

Charlie Turner and John Kady are going to Wentworth.

Timothy Donahue is cash boy in the Cash Grocery.

Agnes Kelleher is going to Fisher Business School.

Mary Walsh is studying at the Boston School of Interior Decorating.

Sigrid Nyborn is studying at Normal Art.

Kenneth Reardon is putting in long days at the Repertory Theatre Workshop—Department of Acting.

George Pallo is working in the Town Office.

Thomas McNulty is at Dean Academy.

John Jasionis is doing a lot in football at the University of Maine.

Gladys Ziergiebel is doing office work at the Norwood Lumber Company.

Alice Wolfe is studying at Simmons.

William Stanewich is working at Fleming's Bindery.

Harold Rice is taking a post graduate course at N. H. S. He intends to be a Forest Ranger.

Kaino Paaajanen is going to business school in Boston.

Harold Hulstrom is going to Mass. College of Osteopathy.

'27

Thomas Foley graduated from Lawrence Academy last spring.

Winthrop Spencer is studying at Franklin Union.

Arthur Darling is going to Mass. Radio School.

Herbert Oliver is going to Huntington School.

Teresa Collins is working at the Town Hall.

Helen Foren is a telephone operator.

Frances Curran goes to B. U. night school.

Jane Waldheim graduated from Burnham Preparatory School last spring and has entered Smith College this fall.

Edna Bateman and Calvin Chamberlain were married this summer.

Betty Blumenkranz is going to Perry Kindergarten School.

Carl Altonen is working as a chemist at Birds.

'26

Mary Ryan is studying at Bryant and Stratton.

Carl Donovan is going to B. U. Night School.

'25

Helen Cocoran is teaching at the Balch School, Norwood.

Jimmy Bunney is engaged to Doris Perkins from Walpole.

Alice Pratt is working at Hollingsworth and Vose.

Howard Chapman is engaged to Caroline Whitney, a Walpole girl.

'24

Helen Parrock Young was married the last of last June.

Barney Cronan is attending the Philadelphia College of Osteopathy.

'22 and '23

Jimmy Dunn, '22, is teaching in Pittsfield.

Cortna Miller, '22, is doing personnel work in the West for W. T. Grant Co.

Ruth Rowe, '22, is engaged to Gerald King, '20.

Virginia Fowler Alexander, '22, and Sonny Alexander, '23, are the proud parents of a girl, Mary Valentine.

Alice Owens, '22, and Billy Jankowski have recently been married.

Gertrude Wragg, '22, and George Fisher, '22, were married the 27th of October.

Halenice McKenney, '23, is engaged to Robert Garner, '22.

Doris Newman, '23, is working at the Beaver Coal and Grain Company.





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On September 29, 1928, Norwood dedicated the new Athletic Field in a pleasing manner, by defeating Worcester Commerce 25 to 6. Captain Conley made the first touchdown for Norwood in the second period. Smelstor and Conley then alternated in making the touchdowns. Worcester marched down the field in the final period and put across their only score.

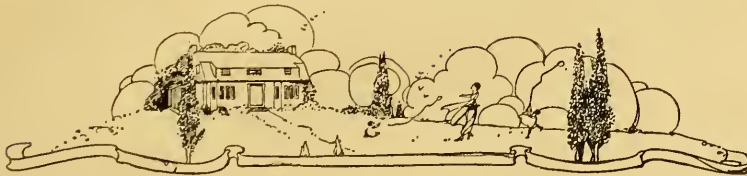
WALPOLE AT NORWOOD

In the second game of the season, Norwood and Walpole met in a good football battle. The final score was 6 to 6.

Captain Conley evened up the score for Norwood in the last period by marching up the field from the shadow of his own goal posts. Walpole had made their score in the first period. Conley was the outstanding star for Norwood.

FRAMINGHAM AT NORWOOD

In the third game of the season Norwood defeated Framingham 22 to 15 before the largest crowd of the season. O'Donnell was the star of the game. He was changed from the center position to the backfield and made his debut outstanding. Conley and Donahue also starred for Norwood.



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